

harry

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WHY I INVADED CAMBODIA

DEAR **harry**

My Son, The Yippie

When my son was growing up, I never dreamed that he would become a Yippie. A doctor or lawyer, maybe, perhaps join his father in the business. At worst, a teacher or CPA. He went to Brandeis and turned out to be a Yippie. Other mothers on the block boast about their sons and their professions, but not my Abbie, a Yippie. Eah, what can one body do?

I haven't seen Abbie in a long time. I was overjoyed when he was on the Merv Griffin show. A chance to see my son on national TV. Mrs. Rubinsky's son was never on national TV. Even if he did go to Harvard. Phoebe to her. So what did they do? They black out my son. He writes infrequently and I was just noticing how thin he was when they blacked him out. What nerve. That jail food must be terrible. I hear that the people that work in jail cafeterias don't wash their hands. My poor Abbie. I sent some cakes through the mail, but he probably never got them. At least the prison did one thing for him. Some nice jailer gave him a free haircut. His hair was getting a little bushy. I always ask him to get his hair cut in my letters, but he never gets them. He wanders and I never have his address. I was really happy during the trial when he said that his address was Woodstock Nation. I guess that he must have moved. It sounded like a lousy neighborhood.

So, my Abbie, a Yippie. I don't like some of company he keeps. That Bobby Seale, a Panther smanther. I always told him not to associate with those people. I approve of that John Froines, a college professor in chemistry. Abbie should hang around with him. Or that Mr. Dellinger. A family man. Abbie needs people like him. That Mr. Weiner. A law graduate. I always thought of Abbie as a lawyer. Then there was Judge Hoffman. What a nogoodnick. Picking on my boy just because he wanted to see Chicago. That conspiracy talk. My Abbie was a good boy. He never lied to me. He did his chores without being told. That Judge Hoffman. A little shrimp. He looked like he had never been outside. No relation of mine, I'll have you know. Not letting Abbie go to the bathroom. What nerve! No Courtesy at all. And holding Abbie in contempt. Abbie never talked back to me.

I don't why he does this Yippie stuff. I mean, the hours of a Yippie are good, but about social security and old-age benefits? He doesn't think of that. He does get to meet a lot of people. He travels a lot. He writes books. Gives lectures. He won the circumlocution prize in his sixth grade class, you know. He makes pretty good money. He had better watch out for those police with their billy clubs, although Abbie was never a fighter. All in all, if he wants to be a Yippie, let him. I should care. The only thing is, I get embarrassed at family gatherings when they ask what my son is doing. I tell them that he's a Yippie. They ask, what is that? They I have to explain what he does in his Yippie job. He goes yip, yip. How should I know? Why couldn't he go into business with his father? Would it have been that bad? Instead, he goes into that hippy-yippie stuff. Well, let him. Still, I worry about one thing. I wish that he would dress warmer when he goes to those demonstrations. He could wear a scarf.

Mrs. Hoffman

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233 East 25th Street.



HARRY—

I'd like to comment on your article about the Weathermen. I think that everything that the Weathermen said can be said in one word — Bullshit! What the hell are you dumb f-ups [sic.] going to accomplish by blowing things up at a time when the youth of this country asks for peace — not war this love might and very well may be turned to violence if we are not heard. Revolution is not soon. Let's give love another chance. OK? If you want to kill do it all you want — as long as you don't kill anyone who is working for peace. Screw your violence! I love you!

A Peaceful
Peace Freak

P.S. This is not meant for HARRY or anyone else who published this article but for those who wrote it.



Editor:

This is to inform you of the presence of a progressive rock radio station in our area. It is WMAL-FM, 107.3 (next to WXTG). The station is in Washington and broadcasts in stereo. They play this type of music from 10:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M. on weekdays, and on Saturday and Sunday nights they go to 11:00 P.M. WMAL-FM is nothing spectacular, but they don't have any fucked up announcers like Jeffrey Blum either. On WMAL-FM you can hear songs from performers like Donovan, Rolling Stones, Joni Mitchell, Chicago, Beatles, The Who, The Jerry Hahn Brotherhood, Crazy Horse, Sly and the Family Stone, and Crosby, Stills, Nash, & Young. (Needless to say, you cannot hear Jeffrey Blum play "Yummy, Yummy, Yummy, I Got Love in My Tummy".) WMAL-FM may be a little hard to pick up. You have to play around with the area, but once you can find it, it will be worth it.

In one of your earlier issues you had an article about "Real Rock". On the same page there was an article stating that the "Baltimore Committee for Progressive Broadcasting" has formed and visited various radio stations and asked them to change their programming to rock. It also stated that this committee was optimistic on the results. Since then you have said nothing about them, and there is no rock station in Baltimore. Is this committee still in existence? If they were optimistic, why doesn't your paper print the names of the stations which are considering changing to rock. This way your readers could write letters to the stations to help persuade them that a rock station would be very much appreciated.

If you know of any other rock stations in Maryland, please print them. Perhaps some of us can get them on our radios.

Jim Preston

NEED SOME BREAD?

WELL HERE'S SOME

GOOD ADVICE

FROM TOMORROW'S BACON
HIMSELF

AND HE AIN'T SHITTIN

AROUND



J. Edgar Hoover

In a message to newspaper carriers, J. Edgar Hoover, Director of Federal Bureau of Investigations says,—

"All Americans should be truly grateful to our newspaperboys for their contribution to our society."

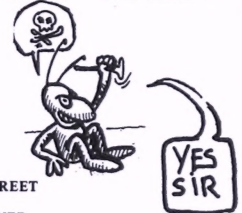
Good citizenship in a democracy requires painstaking preparation on the part of our youth. Our young people, if they are to fulfill their future obligations to our society, must be willing to be of service to the community. They must learn to always respect the rights and the property of others. Honesty, a sense of fair play and industriousness are necessary traits for those who would become useful citizens.

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THE GROUND YOU
ARE STANDING ON



IS A LIBERATED ZONE

DEFEND IT



WHY I INVADED CAMBODIA

by Richard Milhouse Nixon

AS TOLD TO P.J. O'ROURKE



Mr. Nixon served as vice president under Dwight David Eisenhower from 1953-1961. He is presently President of the United States, Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces and honorary president of the Boys Club of America.

To understand where I'm at you've got to dig it that I've been into this very heavy political thing for a long time. In some ways this has done strange things to my head. But I've always felt that when you're really into something you shouldn't cop out on it. To be really out front, I get off on ego trips, power games. It's a speed-freak sort of trip, I admit it. But, like, that's where I'm at. Like Kesey talks about...I mean you can put me down for kicking your ass but don't put me down for being an ass-kicker 'cause that's my movie. That's cool, I got to do my thing. I just want to make that perfectly clear.

I'd always been sort of into this kind of riff, but I never meant to get as strung-out on it as I am now. It was in '52; I was out on the coast to get my head together when Ike calls me on the phone, "Dickey," he said, "you won't believe the job offer I have."

"Tell me," I said.
"Dickey," he said, "they're going to make me president."

"Far fucking out!" I said, but he sounded troubled.

"Dickey," he said, "I'm troubled."
"What's the matter, Ike," I said.

"Dickey," he said, "if someone were to find out, Time magazine or someone, that all these years Mamie's been in drag..." I told him about the operations in Sweden. I guess Ike could see I had my head together about politics, because several days later he calls again and asks me to be Vice President. I told him I wasn't up for that; I was just ready to split for Mexico City, with Jack and Alan and Neil. But he came on strong and vibed me out about the whole thing - I've been into it ever since.



So like one thing led to another and I got to be President myself. Now being President is a really heavy thing. It's like being a very big dealer, like doing deals for five or six hundred kilos every day - guns out on the table and brief cases full of hundred dollar bills. You have to deal with really heavy cats. This red-neck that held the job before me had some fucked-up war going down. First thing I did was I called up the Pentagon and said, "This is the President, off that shit! I want everybody back in California by Friday night." Fifteen minutes later the Chairman of the Board from GM walks in



President Nixon has made a concerned effort to fathom the youth culture

with this weird cat in a sharkskin suit and sunglasses.

"Listen, youse," says the Chairman, "I got lots ridin' on dis war. An' I gotta pro-tyect my investment. Youse got pretty daughters, ya know, an' we knows where dey go ta school...so's how about we make a deal?" Well, there's a time to stand and fight and a time to cut and run. Being President is a bummer.

Not only heavy cats like that to hassle with all the time, but for a Vice President I get a Yippie infiltrator who runs around the country saying the most outrageous possible things - trying to discredit the entire government. I don't really mind that, or his shooting up all the time, but lately he seems to be into a more radical kind of trip. Last week I caught him in the Blue Room doing squat thrusts and chanting, "Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh/ NLF is going to win!"

I was really getting freaked-out. All these frustrations and anxieties building - bad vibes. Like the Supreme Court. The whole country's making an ass of itself, pasting up American flags everywhere, shooting kids and spades, saying things like, "Leave loose the dogs of war!" So I figure they must want a Nazi for

their Supreme Court. Give them what they want, I say. Two Nazis I give them, but no, no, they don't want Nazis; they want a liberal. A Liberal! There are only eleven liberals left in the United States. I had a hell of a time. And my old lady's really a bummer too. I mean she's always been a shitty lay and I only married her 'cause she got knocked-up. But now she's into Women's Lib, won't do any housework, and I can't get behind it, especially after I surprised her eating out Kim Agnew on the Truman balcony. That was the last straw.

Like I said, when I first got into this trip I couldn't dig the war. But then I started getting to know Westmoreland and his buddies. They'd be walking up and down Pennsylvania Avenue wearing their colors and looking really bad. We got close. They're good guys once you can dig where they're at. I started going out on runs with them in their choppers, drinking beer and gang-banging Martha Raye. When I got behind it I understood they aren't really violent. They're for peace love and everything; they just like to stomp gooks. They gave me a set of honorary colors - a cut-off Eisenhower jacket with script lettering in an arch across the back saying, "JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF" with "USA" down at the bottom and a big mushroom cloud in-between. I'd got very tight with Westmoreland, Wes the Axe, so I layed it on him a-about the Vice President and my old lady and all that shit. Wes said, "Yeah, you got to be a bad-ass in this world or you just ain't gonna make it." I thought a-about that, and when I found out Cambodia was hiding those gook Viet Cong I said to myself, "I'm gonna trash that country!" Jesus, I never thought anybody'd get all that uptight about it. But soon as I told Wes to do a number on the Cong the shit really hit the fan. I felt bad about it. I really did. First thing you know there are thousands of people planning to gather outside my house to vamp on me about it. Night before they were all to come I dropped a tab of sunshine and thought it over. I went through some wierd changes. Early in the morning, when I was coming down, I decided to go outside and rap on it. Hardly anybody was there and I had to wake this cat up to find somebody to rap to. "Wake up," I said, "I'm the President. Wanna do some boo?"

"Oh, yeah, far-out, hey, Fat Freddy, wake-up, it's the President."

"Abbie?"

"No, no, their President."

"Oh, yeah, far-out," said Fat Freddy. So they got up and blew some of my dynamite Laotia shit, and I sniffed some coke they had and layed it on them what I said here.

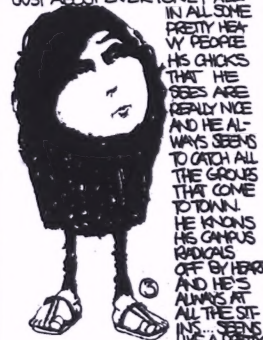
"Wow, man," said the first, "Where's you head at?" He told me my thing is really bad karma. That I'd be reincarnated as a gila monster. I could dig what they were saying. That's the way people should be with each other, really out-front. This is what America's about.

YOU KNOW ITS A FUNNY THING ABOUT THAT NEW GUY THAT JUST MOVED INTO THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.



I MEAN HE SEEMS TO BE FAIRY HIP AND EVERYTHING BUT I THINK HE KNOWS JUST WHERE ITS AT THERE AND HIS TASTE IN MUSIC AIN'T BAD EITHER. YOU KNOW HE CAN REALLY GET INTO SOME PRETTY HEAVY SOUNDS. HE'S GOT A NICE CALL.

HE KNOWS WHATS HAPPENING IN THE DOPE THING AND ALL AND HE SEEMS TO KNOW JUST ABOUT EVERYONE. ALL IN ALL SOME PRETTY HEAVY PEOPLE HIS CHICKS THAT HE SEES ARE REALLY NICE AND HE ALWAYS SEEMS TO ORCH ALL THE GROUPS THAT COME TO TOWN. HE KNOWS HE CAN RUN BRICKS OFF BY HIM AND HE'S ALWAYS AT ALL THE SIT INS. SEEMS LIKE A PRETTY HIP GUY.



BUT I DONT KNOW. SOMEHOW HE DOESNT SEEM TO MAKE IT.



"If It Takes A Blood Bath Lets Have It And Get Over With" — Ronald Reagan

SANTA BARBARA, Calif. [LNS] — For the last week a state of war has existed on the campus of the University of California at Santa Barbara and in the surrounding community of Isla Vista where thousands of students and other young people live.

Reacting to the June 4 indictments of 17 activists on multiple felony charges stemming from the burning of the Isla Vista branch of the Bank of America in February (two of the indictments have since been dropped), hundreds of peo-

ple have to pay the bail bondsman \$125 to get out. What does it matter if the case is dismissed?"

Edward Guerrero, a 31-year-old truck driver, was coming down the stairs of his apartment in Isla Vista when police grabbed him and began beating him with riot sticks. His wife Diane told the L.A. Times reporter how she saw her husband "folded over in pain."

"I was going to make them arrest me too," she said, but the children were crying and I know how the tear gas affects

before. Scores of people were dragged out of their houses, beaten, and added to Santa Barbara's already bulging jail population (almost 1,000 arrested in the last five days). A San Francisco Chronicle reporter saw police attacking women students in back of their dorm near the UCSB campus. He reports that the pigs were "kicking the girls in the groin repeatedly" and beating them with clubs. Another Chronicle reporter saw an elderly man beaten up by cops on the lawn of



ple, mostly organized in small groups, battled 300 heavily-armed highway patrolmen and county police for several nights, building barricades of burning cars and staging hit-and-run raids of the newly-built temporary branch of the bank and on several notorious rip-off real estate companies in downtown Isla Vista.

Frustrated by the demonstrators' tactics and the overwhelming hostility of the entire community, the pigs have proceeded to terrorize the entire area in the last few days with the use of a 7:30 p.m. to 6:30 a.m. curfew, large amounts of tear and pepper gas, and constant invasions of dormitories and private homes to beat and arrest the inhabitants.

On the evening of June 9, the police responded to the resistance of small roving bands of young people setting up barricades with abandoned cars by gassing the whole town of Isla Vista, including several large college dormitories. In one dormitory, cops climbed to the seventh floor to arrest nine people who they claimed were using a slingshot to hurl stones and pellets at them.

Stephen Boyd was studying for an exam in the college's library when cops busted in and arrested him, twenty minutes before the curfew began. Recounting his experiences in jail, Boyd told the Los Angeles Times:

"They [the police] know the charges against us will probably be dismissed. So they are inflicting their own punishment. They left me tied almost four hours with nylon wristcuffs — all the circulation in my hands was cut off. There were men writhing on the floor crying, the cuffs got so painful after a couple of hours. They keep you in jail a night and a day and

my youngest son — he's eight and has asthma. I stayed behind and they took my husband away." Two other women who screamed when they saw Guerrero being beaten were also arrested for curfew violations after the pigs kicked in the door to their apartment, according to the Times.

Angered by such incidents of police terror, the Academic Senate of the University met the next day (June 10) and called for a non-violent sit-in to be held that night in Perfect Park, across from the "temporary" bank building in downtown Isla Vista. The purpose of the sit-in was to oppose the curfew by staying peacefully in the park after the 7:30 p.m. limit. By 7:00 in the evening over 2,000 people had gathered in the park to participate in the planned action and to watch. Police moved in with more than 25 squad cars and a bus 15 minutes later and soon the crowd in the park shrunk to close to 1,000. A few minutes after 7:30, groups of cops began to arrest those remaining, including several full professors at UCSB, most of whom went off to jail with little resistance except for the efforts of a few demonstrators to go limp.

After busting about 350, the cops got tired of the peaceful charade and told the rest of the crowd that they formed an "illegal assembly" and should leave the area immediately. According to observers, the cops waited no more than ten seconds before beginning to churn out huge amounts of pepper gas on the fleeing throng.

For the rest of the night—the fifth night in a row—the Santa Barbara area was the scene of a police riot, more widespread and brutal than any in California

his own house as his daughter stood and screamed for the police to stop.

A pre-med student at the University, whose attendance at the rally in Perfect Park earlier was his first demonstration, told about the situation in the campus area:

"You can look out the window...They (the police) shine their searchlights in the window. If they see you, they'll come in. We have to hide behind the curtains... There are helicopters all over the place... Last night they busted into rooms and dragged people out. They haven't hit us yet. You just don't know when... My father asked, 'Why don't you just come home,' but I can't see what good that would be. I'm not a violent person...but you've got to take a stand. I decided to take a stand tonight. You can't imagine what's going on, I've seen it and I am radicalized."

The cops were not too careful who it was they were brutalizing. Two Los Angeles County plainclothesmen were busted while standing on a corner and were let out of jail only after their real identity was established. The Assistant District Attorney of Santa Barbara County was arrested on the lawn of his home in Goleta, a rich town adjacent to Isla Vista, and held incommunicado for 11 hours till the D.A. himself came and rescued his assistant pig from the embarrassed cops on duty.

In the understatement of the year, an official from the District Attorney's office complained, "This may be turning in-

Award Presented to Edgewood Arsenal

Saturday, June 13th, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom presented, with the assistance of the Baltimore Southeast Asia Moratorium Committee and A Quaker Action Group, the 1st Environmental Destruction Award to Edgewood Arsenal for "air pollution and other health hazards" and "contributing to the undermining of our free and open society."

Edgewood Arsenal, the Army's research, development and procurement center for defoliants and "riot control" gases, declined to accept the award. Two public relations men were sent to the gate but at first refused to speak to the delegation. They said only that the Colonel was not on base and no one else was there who would be authorized to accept such an award. The women pinned the handsome certificate on the fence and with the other demonstrators held up signs denouncing war and chemicals and biological warfare to the passing traffic. When the public relations officers finally did speak they said only that they were "very against this kind of idea," that they were Americans and had fought in wars.

I found myself saddened by the demonstration. Thirty or forty people were there over a period of several hours. The women from WILPF were very kind and gracious, careful not to be offensive and interested in talking to everybody on a personal and human level. Among them was Agnes Thomas, sister of Norman Thomas, the famous socialist candidate. She questioned the award, wondering if it might not be too strong, too likely to polarize. I was chastised by an AQAG member for a mildly abrasive comment I made to the know-nothing PR man—who was probably not a PR man but an MI agent. I couldn't help but be charmed by the ladies and Quakers and children. They sang some folk songs and gave me a great deal of literature on chemical and biological warfare. One thing, an 104 page booklet, "Weapons for Counterinsurgency" (published by National Action Research on the Military Industrial Complex—NARMIC), contained reports on CBW and anti-personnel weapons so horrible I was unable to read them.

I like these kind and gentle people. I despair that their gesture is so fragile in the shadow of the pig they face. A pig which can understand them only as a threat. They threaten no one. They couldn't wish to threaten anyone. I'm afraid I do see myself as a threat, dedicated to the overthrow, violent if necessary, of the government of the United States of America. I wish I didn't feel I had to be. I wish I could feel I should be like them.

to a police riot. And that's the worst thing we could have happen here." An economics professor was more accurate. "It's unbelievable what has been going on. Now I know what it was like to live in Nazi Germany," he said after the police rampage June 10.

Early Thursday afternoon, June 11, the Board of Supervisors of Santa Barbara County (who have jurisdiction over Isla Vista, which is an unincorporated town, and the Santa Barbara Campus) declared the area to be in a "state of disaster" and asked Governor Reagan to alert California National Guard troops who have been on alert for the last four months in the Santa Barbara area.

Meanwhile, hundreds are starting their summer vacations scattered in jails all over Southern California.

Hallengren To be Flower Mart Scapegoat

by THOMAS V. D'ANTONI

They're trying to screw Eric Hallengren again. This time its much more than the attempted suspension and dismissal from the Department of Education he went through in March.

He's been charged with rioting, inciting to riot, assaulting a police officer, and disorderly conduct: charges stemming out of the Flower Mart Massacre on May 13. Although Harold Buchman, Hallengren's attorney, instructed his client to remain silent, because, according to Hallengren, "he doesn't want to give the cops any more information than is necessary", the facts that are known seem to indicate that the police are looking for a scapegoat on whom to hang responsibility for the Flower Mart mess.

The original charge to Hallengren was disorderly conduct—as it was to most of those arrested that day—but when Hallengren's second hearing came up eight days after his arrest (he had had his hearing postponed) he found that three other charges had been tacked on. Learning of the new charges, Buchman had the hearing postponed again until June 3 so that he could provide a court reporter. And it was on June 3 that the charges were formally presented before Judge Henry Stichel. Stichel decided after hearing testimony by Major George Schnabel and ten other cops that a prima facie case had been made and he remanded the case to the grand jury. The grand jury, a body representative of the ruling business community in Baltimore, presented an indictment to the State's Attorney's office which is in the process of drawing up the formal indictment. It will then go back to the grand jury who will pass it.

Hallengren expects that the trial will be held in the fall.

Why was Hallengren (or anyone) singled out? Well, accepting the premise that Hallengren did not do any of the things he was charged with (and this seems to be the case: 1)he was not at Mt. Vernon Place during the earlier disturbances; 2)the cops were grabbing anyone they could find—see the story of my bust that day; and 3)given Hallengren's politics—a disciplined non-weatherman type of revolutionary stance—dealing from strength and more into organizing than street fighting), he feels there are three reasons for the bust. The bust "serves to implicate the black and anti-war movements I've been associated with by making me out to be a rioter and a troublemaker." He feels the police are trying to intimidate the black and anti-war movements I've been associated with by making me out to be the city "by coming down hard on one of its people actively involved." They also want to get Schnabel off the hook. Schnabel, who is responsible for controlling crowds in the city, fucked up (as far as the police are concerned) the demonstration the week before the Flower Mart. The police seemingly want



to give Schnabel a good reason for unleashing his troops at passive groups of people at the Flower Mart. If there is an agitator present, bent on disruption—then there is good reason (in cop logic) for using "any means necessary" to clear the people out.

According to Hallengren, if there is someone singled out, then the police (Schnabel) can say, "That's the responsibility for the trouble, that's the one who caused all this sensation."

He also feels that this is just another example of the repression that is coming down everywhere, it seems, at the moment. He says, "Whites in this country are beginning to realize that the ruling class is quite prepared to heavily repress the movement because they're afraid they're losing control. So much so that the police in my case are willing to try these tactics of harassment and intimidation to try to stop what seems to be a growing and dynamic movement in the city."

What Hallengren needs now are witnesses. Anyone who saw his bust or activities prior to his bust or the general conduct of the police at the Massacre should call HARRY and we'll turn you on to Eric or his lawyer.

Incidental to his bust is his situation with the Department of Education. Thomas Sheldon "is waiting for ammunition," according to Hallengren, "in taking my case to the School Board. He would like to have a heavy indictment against me before that happens, which is to say he doesn't want me back."

My bust and the bust of our photographer earlier in the week were political—sure—but they were small change com-

N.Y.P.D. TRASHED

NEW YORK [LNS] — An explosive device estimated by police to have the force of 10 to 15 sticks of TNT went off in a men's toilet on the second floor of the New York City Police Headquarters at 6:57 p.m. on June 10.

The explosion tore a hole in the wall between the men's room and an adjacent office belonging to high-ranking police officials. Some persons were injured, none of them seriously.

A man had called the police 15 minutes before the explosion, saying, "There is a bomb set to go off at Police Headquarters." The building was not evacuated, and police had just begun to search the building when the bomb exploded.

No precise estimate of property damage was given, though many windows were blown out and a few offices rendered useless by the fallen rubble. The building — an ancient structure on Centre Street in Lower Manhattan — remained in use after the explosion.

A message signed "Weatherman" was received by the media the day after the bombing. It said:

"The pigs in this country are our enemies. They have murdered Fred Hampton and tortured Joan Bird. They are responsible for 6 black deaths in Augusta, 4 murders in Kent State, the imprisonment of Los Siete de la Raza in San Francisco and the continual brutality against Latin and white youth in the Lower East Side. Some are named Mitchell and Agnew. Others call themselves Leary and Hogan. [New York City Police Commissioner Howard Leary and Manhattan District Attorney Frank S. Hogan]

The names are different but the crimes are the same.

"The pigs try to look invulnerable, but we keep finding their weaknesses. Thousands of kids, from Berkeley to UN Plaza, keep tearing up and ROTC buildings keep going down. Nixon invades Cambodia and hundreds of schools are shut down by strikes. Every time the pigs think they've stopped us, we come back a little stronger and a lot smarter. They guard their buildings and we walk right past their guards. They look for us — we get to them first. They build the Bank of America, kids burn it down. They outlaw grass, we build a culture of life and music.

"The time is now. Political power grows out of a gun, a Molotov, a riot, a commune... and from the soul of the people."

In a communique dated May 21 and made public May 24, the Weathermen had promised to strike at "a symbol or institution of American injustice," within two weeks. If this was it, the Weathermen were seven or four days late, depending on how you count it.

New York's Deputy Police Commissioner John F. Walsh and Mayor John Lindsay emerged from a grim-faced pilgrimage to the crippled headquarters with promises of a swift vengeance.

"We will press a relentless search for the person or persons responsible for this outrage," said Walsh. "We will not stop until we have captured them — we will pursue them to our dying day."

Mayor Lindsay promised a "relentless" investigation to find those responsible for "this vicious act," a phrase that the



N.Y. Herald-Tribune/FRIS

pared to what they're trying to hang on Eric.

Well, we're all going to be on trial again, same way we were in Chicago, California, New Haven and just about every other place these days. "There's a shitstorm coming," as O'Rourke is so fond of quoting Mailer—what with the Panther trials and Eric's here. It ain't gonna be easy.

Mayor has not yet applied to the Vietnam war.

The New York City Patrolmen's Benevolent Fund was quick to offer up a reward, and Police Chaplain William G. Kaladjian attributed the bombings to an "anti-government atmosphere" and to "a terrible situation with this nation's mental health."

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NOTES FROM A POLITICAL PRISONER

by ED GUEVARA

"In some countries killing — dying is nothing."

Our gunrunning adventurer is pushing his cynical view again. He specifies the Japanese Kamikaze and a certain Indian sect. He uses hollow-point, dum-dum bullets in his revolver, just to make sure his man will go down. "You should kill a man in the head, not the heart," he tells us. "If you hit his heart, the brain can direct him long enough to return fire. Hit the brain and he will try to inhale and exhale at once, making a gurgling noise for his last breath. He may thrash around as much as seven minutes more, but with no intent. It may seem cruel to describe it so academically, but if it's in your line of business....."

Or he is telling us about death in Vietnam. Because of Buddhist upbringing, the VC may hesitate slightly before taking your life, which costs him his. The American doesn't. "Ask any grunt."

These pleasantries are exchanged in our limited freedom of the "population." We have left the jail's security block to join the majority of inmates in more open quarters. TV begins with the early afternoon movie — especially incongruous when it is a 1930's musical.

You are restrained to your cell at 4 or 5 "counts" in the day. But the situation is most pathetic when it is like scout camp: inmates jabber on after lights out at 10 p.m., lighting fires in ashtrays so they can finish their card games of "Hearts." There are happy moments: afternoons we have access to the roof — ping-pong, handball, a view of the river nearby. One prisoner howls/barks like a wolf every so often. Which seems expressive and to the point in our situation. And even grass was available. I learn later after we've left.

But change hangs in the air like the summer. We are now being moved to the big pen. The talk is ominous and again of murder.

The experienced advise me to get my

hair cut so I am not marked from our arrival on. Marked? Marked for what?

The pens — Atlanta, MacNeill Island, Danbury, Lumpoc, Texarkana, Marion, Terre Haute. The names themselves ring tight, and inmates talk in terms of rhythm — one is tight, another loose. Trouble in the pens is called "rhythm" or "static."

We are shipped out, we bus cross country. We tighten inside like a drum head as we approach. The man who might have killed Nixon is with us — waist chains and all. He is trying to chafe his handcuffs off in a ridiculous fashion. Yet he mirrors our apprehension at the coming "wall" — another name for this prison. "With these mountains," he says, "they don't need a wall." It is 40 feet high, and we see it is topped with control towers and electric wire as the tall gates slide shut behind us.

The fear is a deadly high that saps our strength. It is an up drug, like crystal meth.

Perhaps, I think, if I concentrate on something other than the stories about the place, I will look more casual. Behind us are two suave Frenchmen — one but 24 years old. Both with 40 years and in waist chains and led shackles. Smuggling 600 pounds of pure heroin, allegedly. I think the process over — \$18 a kilo in Turkey, refinement in Marseilles, to thousands a kilo in New York. It can "come through" customs in ski poles, or lining a new Renault. "I am a realiste," one of them says, and I think of the realist deaths of teenage addicts.

Or, a friend from Bogota tells us about "chicha," a drink peasants take so they can keep working. But chicha deteriorates the brain. It gives you strength, but it kills you.

These thoughts give me no great calm. Best meet the "joint" straight on — no drug. But those inside are up on fear. Some in "orientation" give us an informal briefing. Here they repeat earlier warnings. You must be very careful. There

are squeakers or stool pigeons all over. You must be very careful who you talk to.

Worse are the "jungles" — dormitories with "asshole bandits," the homosexuals who would make girls out of choice new prisoners. And worse than that, the "persons who have nothing to lose." There are men here serving life and more than life sentences who have no compassion for it. What if you are talking to the wrong person, the "girl" in a man-man couple, whose partner may be jealous. Worse than marked for gang rape, you might be "snuffed." "Snuffed?" Yes, "snuffed" or "iced." Killed. It has happened.

I am glad to have cut my hair.

But how much of the fear is an exaggeration — prisoner's mouth? The gang rapes? The killings? The "rhythm?" Several months ago, some Muslim bro-

thers attacked some guards. They mashed one's head into a wall and into a coma from which the guard has not recovered. He will be a vegetable for the rest of his life. The brothers that weren't shipped out are over in segregation, maximum, awaiting new trials for mutiny.

What could you say to them, a peacenik? Or to a man sentenced to a century, or 12 years and life, to be served consecutively — the 12 years first.

What do you say to murderers?

A shank is a knife. To shank, to knife.

What to the asshole bandits?

Some prisoners, they say, have been found hanging in their cells — six-footers on five-foot doors.

You learn here to keep to yourself like never before. At least 'til you find out for yourself.

To Be Continued

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HOOVER EXPOSES HIMSELF AT KENT

BY ART LEVINE

A Federal investigation launched after the Kent State deaths is turning into an attack on radicalism on that Ohio campus, according to a June 10 article in the New York Times.

FBI agents have questioned students and professors about their political beliefs. The Justice Department is trying to find violations of the Federal anti-riot act and of statutes prohibiting the destruction of Federal property.

The ROTC building was burned May 2, and four students were killed May 4, climaxing four days and nights of disturbances.

Although the Justice Department insists that their probe is also aimed at seeing if the civil rights of the dead students were violated, students and faculty say that Federal agents are focusing on the ROTC burning and the possibility that students were incited to riot.

According to the university provost, FBI agents have obtained the class rosters of nine liberal professors, and they have also examined the campus police files of "potential troublemakers."

Dr. Jerry Lewis, a sociology professor who served as a peace marshal during the demonstrations, observed that his academic integrity is being threatened. "It's a hell of a feeling to know that you and your students are investigated. I'm concerned for the future of the social sciences...if you know that you're under investigation, there's a sense of psychological consciousness imparted to your teaching. You're going to be more careful. He added, "This kind of thing has implications for every state university."

Among the questions his students have been asked are the following:

"Did he advocate any radical views?"

"Did he advocate the overthrow of the mass communications system of the United States?"

"Did he advocate violence of any kind?"

Although such beliefs shouldn't be indictable anyway, Dr. Lewis insists that he never even engaged in such advocacy. But under the vaguely-worded 1968 Federal Anti-Riot Law (nicknames the Rap-

Brown amendment), the one that was used to aml the Chicago 8, Dr. Lewis and his fellow liberal professors could be indicted.

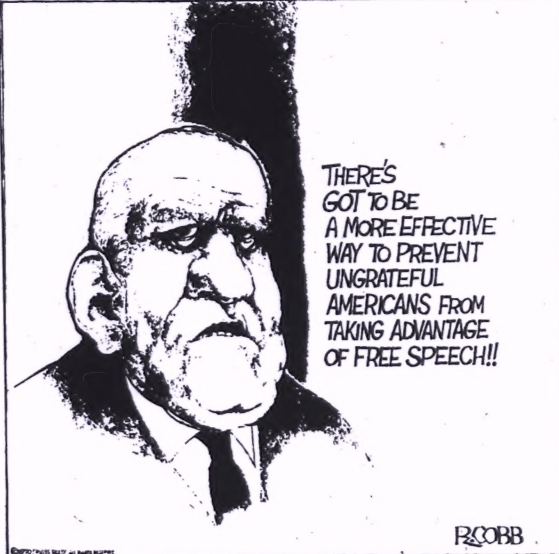
Dr. Lewis Fried, an assistant professor of English, noted that his students had been told by agents that he was a "very controversial character." In addition, they were asked if he "ever spoke against the Government."

Susan Kew, a student, reported that she had been asked if a teacher had ever taught her how to make Molotov cocktails. "I thought they were out of their minds," she said, "and then after we got talking, they asked me six times if I was a mem-

disorder as its target, the Justice Department is trying, in its usual manner, to make political gains for the Republican party at the expense of the Bill of Rights. A Newsweek poll by Gallup showed that by 5 to 1 Americans feel that the students were "primarily responsible" for the deaths at Kent State. A few months ago, a Harris poll showed that college demonstrators were more despised than prostitutes, atheists, and homosexuals.

The results of the primaries held a short while ago show that the students can exert little influence in the electoral arena. College students represent less than 2% of the voting population. Of the student-

attack being readied at Kent State should notify you that you don't have to be a Black Panther or a Weatherman to arouse the government's anger. Everyone is suspect under Mitchell's new order, and we can't even say anymore that you may be next. The fact is, brother, you are next.



ber of SDS, and I told them six times that I was not."

A graduate assistant who witnessed the shootings was asked by the agents whether she knew of any faculty who might be "egging on the students."

Benson Wholman, the Ohio director of the ACLU, was not overstating the issue when he said, "Such kinds of inquiry have a chilling effect on academic freedom. If a teacher has to interpret every word as it might be interpreted by a John Mitchell-oriented agent, then he will be unable to speak freely and to discuss important issues."

The significance of the Justice Department probe is overwhelming. It is, first of all, a direct attack on dissent within the university. The previous attacks on liberty by Mitchell have been aimed at prominent radical leaders and groups, such as the Chicago 8 and the Black Panthers, that have operated on a national level. Although there have been attacks on campus dissenters on a community and state level, most notably in California, the Kent State witch hunt is one of the first Federal attempts to attack local dissent. Most strikingly, the targets of their probe are unknown nationally and hardly very radical.

There are, though, precedents for this sort of Federal intrusion. In Seattle, organizers of an anti-war march were arrested before the protest took place for violating the Federal anti-riot act (See a recent series of front-page articles in the New York Times on the problems of the city). And at a Southern black college, Justice Department officials co-operated with college administrators in stifling protests and suspending a large portion of the student body (See a recent issue of Time Magazine).

By picking the most famous campus

supported candidates who ran in the primaries, only one came out on top, and he was a black candidate in the Berkley area. In Oregon, a proposal to lower the voting age to 19 was soundly defeated. And most analyses of the Ohio gubernatorial primary feel that Governor Rhodes would have lost even more if he hadn't sent in troops to shoot up Kent State. In other words, most Americans hate college kids with a frenzied intensity, and the harder you crack down, the more popular you will be. Nixon, and his chief political advisor, John Mitchell, are learning this political lesson. And the Justice Department will act accordingly.

The Department, then, appears to be using Kent State as some sort of test case, a laboratory in crushing student dissent. By moving in on professors and students with the Federal anti-riot act, the government will be able to serve warning on other campus dissidents, who might be more reluctant to launch protests if they knew they could get 10 years in jail.

My prediction is that the government will come across with a "balanced" indictment, like they did in Chicago, where eight radicals and eight cops were indicted. The eight cops got off, but the Conspiracy didn't. So, the Justice Department this time will indict a few trigger-happy National Guardsmen, while also snaring rabble-rousing teachers and students.

The lesson in all this is clear. For years, radicals have been telling others that an attack against one of us (e.g. Black Panthers) is an attack against all of us. Stand up and be counted! But most have been reluctant to speak out against attacks on radicals, a paralyzing remnant of the McCarthy era, when the left was too scared of being tainted with the Red brush. The

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JUST DOIN' COSA NOSTRA

by ART LEVINE

The latest ethnic group to take to the streets to press their just demands is the reviled and downtrodden Mafia. For the last month, hundreds of Italian-Americans, led by reputed Cosa Nostra boss Joseph Colombo Sr., have picketed FBI headquarters in New York to protest anti-Italian harassment and defamation.

This revolutionary vanguard of the Italian-American community, the Mafia, has long been a victim of bigotry and oppression. The pig media have tried to brainwash the American people with crude stereotypes of Italians. In movies and on TV, Italians are always being shown sitting in hotel rooms playing with machine guns or pushing people out of cars. Furthermore, most people think that Italians can only say things like "How's-a ma boy?" and "Shut-a your mout." Due to the vamping on the Mafia by the pig power structure, most people assume that all Italians are criminals.

This prejudice against Italians has led to blatant discrimination, especially in the area of jobs. Because of this, Italians are only able to find work as owners of restaurants, bouncers at bars, and policy runners. Unable to rise in the legal profession, Italians are forced to rely on smart Jewish lawyers from New York, or "mouthpieces," as they are termed.

In their drive to end repression and discrimination, the Mafia has made great strides in recent years. One of their core demands, community control of institutions, is fast becoming a reality in many key urban areas, such as Newark.

In that New Jersey city, the Mafia is proud of its strong voice in shaping urban policy, and they have found that politicians, policemen, judges, and even the mayor are eager and willing to lend them a hand. Not so long ago, the Mafia received token representation in the vital branches of government, but today, the Mafia influence is everywhere.

This influence has enabled many Italians to overcome the problems of hostile juries and unfair trials. All too often, suspected Mafia leaders would be brought to trial on such flimsy evidence as dozens of photos of the crime, eyewitness accounts, and guns covered with fingerprints. Such blatant attempts at railroaded innocent Italians have met with little success in recent years. Juries, and especially judges, have come to sympathize with the Mafia plight, and this new tolerance is best illustrated by the frequent dismissal of cases and not guilty verdicts. The judicial system, once viewed as oppressive by a suspicious Italian community, is now seen as a friend, as can be shown by the cordial meetings between Mafia leaders and judges before trials begin.

It is the growing strength and charismatic appeal of the Mafia which has been responsible for whatever progress has been made. The Mafia effectively uses publicity and personal appeals to gain adherents. Sharply dressed in the standard uniform — fedora, sharkskin suit, white tie, black shirt, sunglasses — Mafia members appear everywhere from candy stores to state legislatures to plead their cause. And so it is hardly surprising that hundreds demonstrate daily in front of the FBI building in New York.

According to one spokesman, Nat Marcone, the group organizing the protests is called the Italian-American Civil Rights League, located in the Park Sheraton.

Hopefully, they will be more successful than a previous organization, the Italian Anti-Defamation League, headed by Frank Sinatra. That organization was taken to court by the B'nai B'rith Anti-Defamation League for copying the name and of course the Jews won, because the Italians were unable to find a Jewish lawyer to handle the case. The group's purpose was to fight against movies and TV shows that typed all criminals as Italians. They soon drifted into oblivion, however, when one of their board members was indicted in a bribery case involving an important New York City government official.

The demonstrations began on April 30, after Joseph Colombo, Jr., was arrested for conspiring to melt down US coins and sell the silver for more than the coins themselves were worth. The elder Colombo led the first picket line, and he has been there almost every day since then. Unfortunately, the chanting and shouting on the picket line have proved too much for East Side residents, and a suit was filed in New York State Supreme Court to permanently ban the annoying pickets. So far, they have been asked only to tone down the volume of their sound equipment.

So, last week, hundreds of pickets packed into the courtroom to answer the lawsuit. They waved Italian and American flags, and wore badges with slogans like "Italian Power," "Italians are Beautiful," and "We want equal rights."

Patrolman P. J. O'Rourke, his nose slightly reddened by liquor, noticed that one major figure was absent from the courtroom. "Where's that crook D'Antoni?" he asked in a rich brogue, as he twirled his nightstick. He was apparently referring to Thomas V. D'Antoni, 23, a noted "trigger man" in the Mafia underworld.

But what is really important about all this is that the Mafia has at last joined the revolutionary struggle. A Mafia-student

alliance, long dreamt of by certain factions of the movement, is now close to reality. Students and Mafioso have been driven together, ironically enough, by the government itself. The drying up of marijuana and other soft drugs has given students the opportunity to get to know Mafia figures well. The shared intimacy that comes with purchasing a fix has broadened the horizons of both student and gangster alike.

Yet even more significant is the lessons we can learn from these Vito-comelates to the movement. Our effectiveness in dealing with all sorts of Establishment figures, from legislators to college administrators, would be greatly enhanced by the adaptation of a few time-tested methods. For example, think how quickly the Hatfield-McGovern bill

could pass the senate if we didn't waste our time in lobbying, but instead kidnapped their families or slipped them a few thousand dollars.

Radical leaders could confront frightened college presidents in a manner sure to gain our demands. Showing up at the president's home with two hulking bodyguards, the leader stands silently in front of the trembling, white-haired college president. The radical punches his fists together for a few minutes, and then, spitting his chewing gum out, snarls, "Ya better end military research if ya know what's good for ya!"

"Now, boss? Do we beat him up now?" one thug keeps insisting. The leader wheels around and slaps the hood in the face. "Shaddup, ya dummy, I'm taking care of this." Turning once again to the president, who is by now in tears, the leader demands, "So what's your answer, punk?"

The college president shakes his head. The two bodyguards start punching him in the face and the stomach. Soon he is screaming in agony, and he finally gives in. Staggering to his feet, he wipes the blood from his nose and mouth. "OK," he says, nodding his head sadly, "I'll call the Pentagon tomorrow."

"That's more like it," says the radical leader, and his entourage walks away triumphantly.

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by P. J. O'Rourke

New tactics for new times in the belly of the pig. Time to abandon your bull-shit liberal sensibilities and bring the revolution home—us white-child college kids got a lot to learn.

I told my congressman and he said,
"Son, (dig this boy)
I'd really like to help you
But you're too young to vote.

— Summertime Blues

No time left for pamphletting and leafletting, picketing and petitioning, talking and walking and shitting around. Time to TRASH THE STATE! We've got a lot to learn—Armed Love. We'll learn that Armed, for us, implies Love and that Love necessitates Armed. If we don't learn how to fight we won't win. If we don't learn how to keep our love, in the nexus of that fight, we won't deserve to win. Forsake the old values we pretended to forsake before. Not only racism, capitalism, sexism, nationalism, but—as important—gratuitous hatred, viciousness and cruelty. We don't want to off the pigs so much as we want to off pigishness.

Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I am come not to send peace but a sword.

For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother...

And a man's foes shall be they of his own household.

— Jesus Christ

Jets & Sharks Drop Acid, Read Marcuse

Righteous Rage! Just Anger! We've come to destroy the real origins of the horror we live in—individualist property, selfish values, hateful concepts—and to save the people. We are the nightmares of the bourgeoisie come to life in their own homes, as their own children.

We are the vanguard of fantasy.
Where we live is liberated territory.

— Up Against the Wall
Motherfuckers

When I was a kid in Chicago there were street gangs with beautiful names, Belairs, Top Hats, Vice-Joys, Corner Lords, Cobras, original home-grown American experts in urban guerrilla warfare. Admittedly they didn't have much consciousness, cultural or political, but one of these (Blackstone Rangers—largest and toughest of the black gangs) has developed into a revolutionary force of the first order. And another group, the Young Patriots, from uptown Chicago, came out of the same gang-war and Blackboard Jungle scene to found the Patriot Party.

Street gangs and cycle gangs are two spontaneous and thoroughly American social developments—natural forms in American society and we should use these forms. Or, not use these forms—be them.

Bartender: What are you rebelling against?

Cycle Trash Kid: Whadda ya got?

— The Wild Ones

Discipline is organic and pressure from the peers. Emphasis is on street reality and autonomous local control. Politics are a function of community love, neighborhood beauty. Shut on polemics. Shut on "protest". Shut on statements. Quiet, prevailing, resilient anger for this plan. All our other organization can make the noise.

'Is he bad?'
'Well, he's good bad
But he's not evil.'

— The Chiffons
"He's So Fine"

CITY SCENES:

Pusher on the block turns the kids to skag and speed. Lenin's Angels, local communal-anarchist hard guys; stop in for a talk—once. It probably won't do any good. Next time, they beat on him a little and say, "Get out." He gets out one way or somebody has to carry him out another.

Mafia dude runs numbers, supplies dope, sets up pimps, rips off the people and does bad. Mafia dude turns the ignition key in his Cadillac car. POOF! No more Mafia dude.

Local slumlord found unconscious in alley with a rat stuffed up his ass.

Construction worker gropes Sisters of Hecate member. She carves "chauvinist dog" across his gut.

Tac Squad vamps on student demonstrators, gas and clubs. The Mao Bums roar in on chopped Harley 74's, swinging chains and belts. Tomorrow's bacon today.

Gourging shop in ghetto gets visit from the leather-jacketed Trotsky Truckers. "Your prices used to be too high. Now you've got yourself a free store."

City Councilman kidnapped by hoodlum gang, forced to take LSD.

Hugh Hefner gang-raped by Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell.

I been there before.

— Huck Finn on
civilization

This is only one idea among the thousand that will make the defense of Woodstock Nation, our State of Mind. But it's an easy and comfortable sort of thing

to get into with a couple of friends. Get some leather jackets or some Levi cut-offs or just start hanging around. The advantages are familiar behavior patterns with high theatrical value, lots of fun and no organizing or hassles with fractionalist structure freaks. You can get into it at whatever level is appropriate to your feelings about force, love and defense. The gang-war movie can be strictly a show of freaky counter-culture and collectiveness or it can be a matter of total hell-raising action. The gang is a national tradition given new direction, a little piece of Americana intertheorized.

Of this to speak is bitterness,
To silent keep, no bitter less,
And every way is misery.

— Aeschylus
"Prometheus Bound"

Maybe only in such theatrics can we work out the tremendous store of violence America has implanted in us. And with such theatrics we live our war fantasies in destroying the evil which created them. Exhaust the death culture with its dreams and turn the modes of ugliness to joy.

Ginsberg and the Pranksters turned Hell's Angels on to our love once, now let's let the Angels turn us on to their rage. Use what you have to do what you need.



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Nancy & Gumbo Back In The U.S.S.R.

Hotel Ukraine
Moscow

Dear Tovarishi of the Y.I.P.:

Being impudent enough to arrive without visas we spent our first two days in the Moscow airport/hotel/prison walking around, browsing through the little Lenin Library (free pamphlets) and tripping out on the huge red billboard of Lenin outside the hotel.

As Amerikan hippie/yippies we were the main attraction standing out in the stream of Ukrainian peasants with braids down to their toes, Chinese in uniforms with blazing buttons of Chairman Mao, Greek Orthodox priests with long black robes, and your regular Russian. Our friendly house "frau" asked us, "What mean those buttons you wear?" We explained the fist and female symbol of the women's liberation movement. "And this—sho eto?" It's a Yippie button. "Heepee," she said gleefully, "I must have thees one!"

After the second day of our internment, we were liberated from the Hotel by our Vietnamese comrades, armed with our passports and visas. We were driven to the stalinoid monstrosity of the Hotel Ukraine, a Soviet Conrad Hilton.

We are not welcome in the dining room here. They won't accept our national costume of jeans and fringes, and our loose long hair.

The best way to meet Russians, we found, was just walking around near Red Square. They are very friendly and hospitable and want to talk, and there's usually someone around to interpret. We spent one day with some artists. Their Russian hospitality envelops us, hugs, kisses, I love you's and then a grand exchange of presents. We gave buttons, beads, a fringed vest and pocketbook; they gave us antique Russian weaving implements, straw slippers, a Ukrainian jacket and peasant blouse. And they recited poems in Russian and showed us their paintings, and food and drink and drink and food.

It seems all straight Russians are engineers. We met two young Komsomol (Russian Young Communists) and went off for coffee and ice-cream. An ice-cream parlor filled with young people on their day off. We're seated at a table with two Russian girls who are also engineers. It's very difficult for us to explain to them how come we don't work, but they dig that we're part of an anti-war revolutionary movement. They told us about

Komsomol which meets every month, usually around work. They said when the United States invaded Cambodia they had many meetings about it, condemning it.

One day we spotted some long-haired youths ambling down the street. "Are you Russians?" we asked. "we're hippies." Russian hippies—far out! They know English through listening to rock records which are brought in from other countries—Creedence Clearwater, the Stones, Jimi Hendrix, and a long list of others.

We're an all women's delegation. It's very important. We tell everyone about the movement back home for the liberation of women and give buttons to women. It's really mindblowing for many people. Like at the reception at the Vietnamese Embassy, there were very few women among all those diplomats, correspondents, etc., and those that were there were mostly wives. And here we were, a whole delegation of women.

The Vietnamese have been really right on. The reception they gave was on May 19, Ho Chi Minh's birthday. We saw a film on Ho Chi Minh's life. The Laotians gave us wings and wristlets made of the 1000th Amerikan plane that had been shot down, and the 20 year old son of Souvannavong is now wearing a Yippie button. We talked with the Minister of Justice for Cambodia and the friendly ambassadors from North and South Vietnam. "In spite of the horror of the war, it has brought us together and made us friends," they said. "We are all victims of Nixon, the world's greatest liar."

We told them how young men and women in Amerika grow their hair long, we don't want to look like Pat and Tricky Dick. "Ah, a form of protest. I guess I'm too conservative," laughed the North Vietnamese ambassador, pointing at his short hair.

Long after everyone else had left the reception, we were still rapping with the Laotians, Cambodians and Vietnamese. We brought greetings from the Youth International Party to all our friendly allies from Indochina.

Our sister Genie (Plamondon) from the White Panther Party has just arrived in Moscow, and tomorrow we leave on a 18-hour journey to Hanoi via Samarkand, Karachi and Calcutta.

We love all of you back home, and we're always talking about you.

All power to the people. Yippie!

Hell For The Revolution Of It

[Editor's note: The following is the new introduction for Abbie Hoffman's book *Revolution for the Hell of It*, to be published in September by Pocket Books, Inc.]

In *Revolution for the Hell of It*, I wrote that within six months it would be outdated. Thus, now two years after the event of Chicago and the thoughts expressed in the book, some comments seem in order. I read the book now as one thumbs through a family scrapbook, as say Charlie Chaplin felt when years later he was asked to narrate the silent film "Gold Rush" and could not help but refer to himself as the "little fellow."

Two years in a revolution, even a revolution for the hell of it, is a long time. The Lower East Side was O.D.ed on heroin. People's Park was born by us and crushed by them. Woodstock Nation was born and diluted by the celluloid world of hip capitalism. The Black Panthers have emerged as the most revolutionary force in the land. The Weathermen have unleashed the rage inside each yippie, and yippies have turned on the Weathermen to digging culture. A new breed of stoned revolutionary communist sneak around the country blowing pot and blowing up pig sties. Women's Liberation,

more than any other movement to emerge during the last two years, forces us to examine our style of living. To enter the 21st century, to have revolution in our lifetime, male supremacy must be smashed, including the chauvinism in this book. A militant Gay Liberation Front has taught us that our stereotypes of masculinity were molded by the same enemies of life that drove us out of Lincoln Park. The words "chick" and "fag" and the deep rooted attitudes they imply must be purged from the New Nation. Cultural Revolution means a disavowal of the values; all values held by our parents who inhabit and sustain the decaying institutions of a dying Pig Empire.

More still has happened. An ecology movement has taught us to be hysterically impatient in our determination to smash the state before it poisons the planet. Revolution is the festival of the oppressed, said Lenin, but dancing on broken glass or concrete of a world parking lot would be the fulfillment of empty dreams.



Then there is the WAR. Their war; the red, white, and blue war to make the world safe from the yellow communist

devils. Safe for us? Bullshit! Safe for Gulf Oil Slicks, Dupont Napalm-Freaks, Reynolds Tobacco Cancer, Bob Hopeless and his Culture of Greed, Yale Heroin Dispensaries and Howard Johnson's 32 flavors (all of which, incidentally, turn out to be vanilla.)

Don't forget the TRIAL either. The Prosecutor read for days from "Mr. Hoff-

man's revolutionary handbook." *Revolution for the Hell of It*, the antic dabbings of this little fellow called FREE, were used to convict us and to convict our culture. Aside from a few obscenity trials, lawyers tell me *Revolution for the Hell of It* is the only published book in the judicial history of the United States used as prosecution evidence in a criminal case. I'll never forget being on the witness stand in Julius Hoffman's neon oven, with Mr. Schultz representing the G, as it is referred to in prisons.

PROSECUTOR: "Now Mr. Hoffman, what were you wondering when you wrote this passage?"

DEFENDANT: "Does wondering mean dreaming, Mr. Schultz?"

PROSECUTOR: "Yes, that's right."

DEFENDANT: "I've never been on trial for my dreams before, I'll have to think a bit."

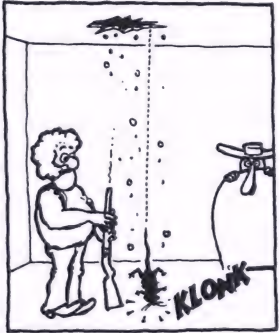
Five year prison terms for dreaming. Rampaging, undeclared war, repression in the black colony, and, finally, attempts to devour us, the life-seeking children of the beast, are the reality of the New Order. The Phillistines have moved to Washington. Agnew, Nixon, Mitchell and Company are more determined than ever to see that the Festival of Life never happens on the Planet Earth. In the belly of the pig, the young kick like herds of electronic savages. The stakes have gone up. Death has come to our nation as it has continually been a part of the black nation. Not the statistical death of body counts and traffic mishaps, but the death of flesh and blood. Fred, Ralph, Diana, Ted and Terry are gone forever. Eldridge has been driven out of the country. Rap and Pun are fugitives on the FBI "10 most wanted list." Bernadine, Mark, Billy, Jane, Eleanor, Dana, Jeff, and hundreds more, carry on the struggle of waging war from underground. Sam, Tim, John, Jim are in prison for more than 10 years each. Jerry, Dave, Tom, and Rennie are living on borrowed time, as are our lawyers Len and Bill. Bobby is threatened with the electric chair in New Haven, and the government makes it quite clear that it has enough electricity to fry us all. The statistics are brothers and sisters we have joked with, argued with and turned on with. They are far more than symbols of repression. They are real life people who flash in my consciousness when I hear intellectuals debate about whether or not the country is becoming fascist, or watch the brown shirts parade in the street of New York.

It is true that our revolution must be born out of joy, but it's going to take more than some neat pranks to radically change this society. The toy gun on the cover has become a real gun. Never again will I spell America with a "c," for in the eyes of Amerika we have all become outlaws. An armed struggle is not only inevitable, it is happening, and the Yippies are part of that.

Folks will mumble, "Abbie sure has lost his sense of humor," and stuff like that, but they never understood *Revolution for the Hell of It*. Ponce liberals never understand, except as observing critics. Mao wrote that to understand revolution, one must participate. If you want to know the taste of a pear, you must change the pear by eating it yourself. This book was written with treason in my heart. It was written in the knowledge that the institutions and values of imperialism, racism, capitalism, and the Protestant ethic do not allow young people to experience authentic liberation. It was written with the intention of making fun subversive. And finally, make no mistake about it, it was written with the hope of destroying Amerika. Yippie!

Abbie Hoffman
(convicted felon)
May 31, 1970 (c)

THEM FABULOUS FURRY HREOK BRUTHERZ



HOME TOWN POLITICS

Although school has ended, the political fight still goes on. For concerned activists of all persuasions, there are a number of actions and lots of work being planned for the summer in the Baltimore area. For those who want to help end the war and end repression, there are different groups you can turn to.

UMBRELLA FOR PEACE serves as the local coordinating and information center for anti-war work. Located at 516 North Charles Street, the phone is 752-7909; and it will tell you what's going on and who to get in touch with. Umbrella's main functions are maintaining a schedule of peace activities, recruiting and channelling students into action groups, and setting up a speaker's bureau.

WHAT
NOW
PEOPLE?



Sunday, June 14, Umbrella for Peace sponsored a forum for students living in the Baltimore area during the summer. After introductory remarks, the 200 participants divided into four major task forces to plan tactics. Groups included legislation to end the war, draft repeal, electoral processes, and community education. Peace candidate Parren Mitchell deftly fielded questions on his political philosophy.

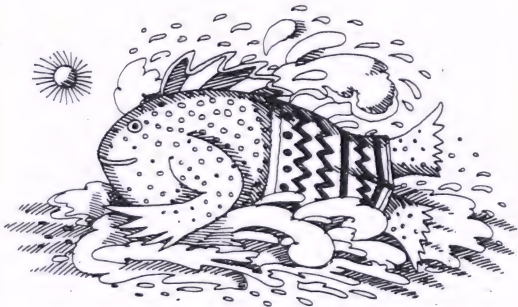
For those so inclined, there is an organization working on supporting peace

candidates for certain key Congressional districts. Called the MARYLAND STUDENT-CITIZEN COALITION, it is busy now compiling dossiers on voting records of Maryland Congressmen. My impression is that the group will support only those who have been consistently anti-war and strong advocates of equality and justice. The group's phone is 366-6060, and it's located at 12 W. 26th St. It is also concentrating on those districts where there is a real chance to get a decent candidate elected. Thus it has given up hope on the 2nd and 3rd Congressional Districts in Baltimore. In the 4th District, the group is considering backing Paul Sarbanes against George Fallon, the ancient Democratic incumbent. But there are lingering suspicions that Sarbanes is just an opportunist. In the 7th District, the group will probably back Parren Mitchell, the black Morgan State professor. This peace group also has branches in the 8th Congressional District (College Park) and the 5th District. In the 8th, the organization may back Gilbert Gudy, a Mathias-type Republican, against whatever machine Democrat comes out of the primary. In the 5th District, the group is searching for someone to oppose Representative Hogan, a pro-war Republican.

And out of UMBC, there are a number of LIBERATION BRIGADES being formed, or WORK GROUPS. There are groups working on: freeing the framed-up Baltimore Panthers, draft consoling, woman's liberation, and fighting landlords. The group fighting landlords is focusing on the Reservoir Hill area. They are busy organizing rent strikes, researching mortgages, and going into Housing Court. In other words, standing with the people on the issue of housing. For those who want to find out about this liberation brigade, and the other work projects, call George and Nancy Scheper at 523-1005.

There are of course other projects and actions still being developed, and to keep on top of things, it would be a good idea to call Peace Umbrella at 752-7909 frequently. And remember...the Revolution is fun!

BRANDAU'S



The Watering Hole, Circa '70.

Men are no longer taking a back seat in fashion, and that goes for the swimmers and beachcombers of the species too. This year, it's a guy in flaming yellow and orange trunks. In some brand new cabana looks. The long trunks. The brief French looks. The wild. So let yourself go this summer. Enjoy a little attention. You've been in the background long enough.

BRANDAU'S

Jack Brandau

Les Witten

Greenmount Ave. & 33rd St

All Charge Systems

CH-3-9526



letters

I ELLIOTT JAY CAPLAN WOULD LIKE TO OPEN MY INTRODUCTION based on the prohibition of Marijuana, the inflation of the AMERICAN DOLLAR, and an almost near depression.

March Of Life



AQAG (A Quaker Action Group) will stage a march of life to protest chemical and biological warfare and the war in Indochina, starting July 1st in Washington and ending at Ft. Dietrich July 9th. They plan it as a mobile example of constructive alternative, new life and fun, to begin with the planting of a fruit tree across from the White House so "Nixon can watch the New American Revolution bear fruit before his eyes." They'll be planting pine seedlings at every war contracting corporation and military base along the way. The procession will arrive in Baltimore for a mass gathering of folk singing and celebration with blues singer Rev. Frederick Douglas Kirkpatrick and Stewart Meachum at Ft. McHenry, 2 pm, Sunday, July 5th. Then a five foot pine tree will be planted in a joyous ceremony—First Annual GI/Freak Frigby Tournament, Picnic, Be-in and Sing (with Jimmy Collier) at the Edgewood Arsenal gates, Wednesday, July 8th, at 11:30 am. Everyone is invited to all or any part of the trip. A third tree will be planted inside the Ft. Detrich gates on July 9th, whether or not permission is granted.

All this is part of AQAG's continuing free leaflet, apples and watermelon campaign against CBW. June eleventh they leafleted at Edgewood. The state police came at that time and ordered them away from the highway. They were out again for the presentation of the Environmental Destruction Award on Saturday, June 13.

Information on the march and other action can be obtained at Project CBW, Stoney Run Friends Meeting House, 516 N. Charles. Phone, 433-8212.

This introduction is for anyone who wants to read or listen to my views or insight of the future. First of all I like to know how any jury in this City, State, or for the matter even in this Country has the right to look people away for possession of marijuana; when the very same people who ruin our system smoke this wonderful Herb themselves. Marijuana commonly known as grass, pot, etc. is really called Hemp—and is used for the making of ropes.

Marijuana is actually a vegetable that grows FREE from the soil of our planet Earth. (just like carrots, peas, etc.) And our so called Super Natural known as God, or as Uncle Sam would say "IN GOD WE TRUST". Well this so called God put marijuana on this earth for people like you and I to use just like apples and oranges. So you could almost say that marijuana is the forbidden fruit of our times. And, if that is the case then only God himself could say whether it is forbidden or not. Well then I ask, who is God of this State? Is it Gov. Mandell? And, if that is so, then you might as well say that RICHARD NIXON is GOD of our COUNTRY. (OR A CROOKED SHERIFF OF A BIG TOWN).

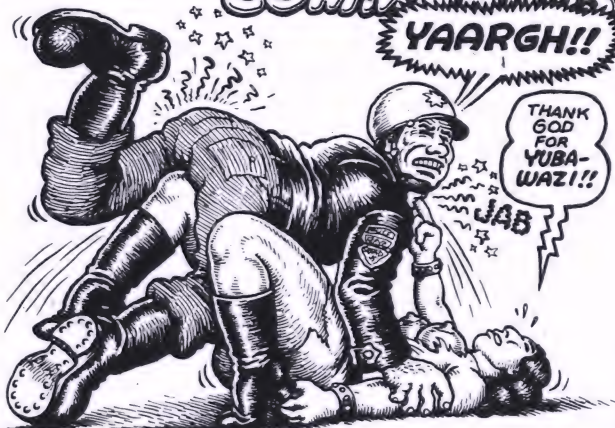
The very idea that marijuana is presently illegal, both by Federal and State standards: well this by itself has caused the face value of the American Dollar to depreciate. Well for an example, the market price for Gold Bullion in this Country is worth approx. \$35.00 per oz. where as a decent grade of Hashish is worth approx. \$90.—125. per ounce. This is merely a simple case of mathematics telling me that a vegetable is worth 3 times as much as our number 1 mineral. Yes I must remind you that marijuana is a vegetable that grows wild and FREE from the soil of our Earth.

Near depression is on its way by 1977. Yes that's right another depression is on its way in this country and most of the people are just too blind and too stupid to see it happening right in front of them. If, we look at our stock market there is only one monopoly A.T. & T. which is owned and operated by our Government FCC. Now the airlines people are trying to start another monopoly and control the whole world like a complete dictatorship. So now I say that time has come today for all countrymen alike to wake up and keep our system from destroying itself completely.

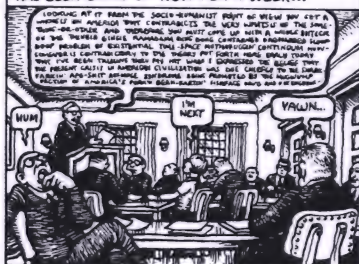
FROM OUT OF THE DEPTHS OF SERVIDUTE AND OPPRESSION, LEADING THE MILITANT WING OF THE FEMALE LIBERATION FRONT, COMES...

PAM BRAUNSTEIN

and her GIRL COMMUNAS YAARGH!!



A GATHERING OF AMERICA'S INTELLIGENSIA FOR THE PURPOSE OF DEFINING THE GOALS AND IMAGE OF THE UNITED STATES IN THE WORLD HAS BEEN GOING ON NOW FOR A WEEK...



THE INTELLECTUALS SEEM TO BE GETTING NOWHERE WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN...



"YES, YOU CAN HAVE A BIGGER BOSOM," or so one of the national women's magazines claims in one of their recent articles. These "women's" magazines offer valuable information such as, "How To Be A Bitch," "Be Dancing For The Inhibited," "How To Succeed From The Kitchen To The Table," "What Turns Men On," and such heart warming personal accounts as "Why I Wear My False Eyelashes To Bed," or "I Was An Over-Age Virgin." Of course, they also get down to the real nitty gritty with, "Plain and Fancy Facts About Orgasm." It's been just recently that women have been allowed to fuck and enjoy it. Jesus Christ! Before you know it, we "uppitty women" will even want to be on top of the male instead of our usual place, on the bottom.

No shit, these are actual articles that I found in our so-called women's magazines picked out from the maze of recipes, household cleaning aids and beauty products.

It saddens and enrages me that women feel poor of their womanhood lies in how well they can cook, how shiny they can get their kitchen floors, how big their breasts are and how well they can satisfy their male's almighty erection (a true extension of their ego). And yet there was a time when I read these articles and did not feel offended or angered. Not so any more!!

The idea of women's liberation dawned rather slowly on me. The absurdity of this whole role-playing trip began to crystallize in my mind as I stood in the bathroom one morning preparing for work. Up until that time I had accepted women's liberation intellectually but not emotionally. As I put rollers in my hair, drew lines on my eyelids, harnessed myself in a bra, high heels and hose, I began to wonder why. Peering into the mirror I wondered if I really were so bestial looking in a natural state and why I went through this process day in and day out, continually disguising what I am to hold on to a man. I observed the man I live with get up, wash, put on his clothes and be ready in ten minutes.

From this point on, I began to see what was really coming down. At work I observed the secretaries banging away on their typewriters, filing and doing all those important jobs. In the lunchroom, I noticed women discussing clothes, children, make-up and recipes, while the men discussed "important subjects."

I joined the men in their discussion, rather than the

women, since I too dismissed them as stupid and boring. However, these males did not accept me as a person, especially when I was better informed than they on the subject being discussed. When they felt threatened, I was dismissed as a silly female.

If I were not being dismissed as a silly female, I was being used as an object. Dig - turn on the tube and view how the mass media use women's sexuality to sell. You'll find some exquisite creature scantily dressed, looking as sexy as possible into the screen, with a throaty voice selling everything from bathroom bowl cleaners to automobiles.

At home I watched myself playing out my assigned role of taking care of the men. I cooked for them, served them and cleaned up after them. What a slave mentality! I spent evening upon evening listening to movement males plan the revolution, discuss freedom for "mankind," repression, and the cultural revolution (while I filled the hash pipe). I always contributed to the conversation, but felt I was politely accepted as "John's girl" and not being dealt with as a person. I began to really observe this so-called "hip culture" and it didn't seem much different than the culture we supposedly were trying to destroy. Oh yes, now we smoked a joint or two before dinner instead of having a cocktail. We women are still cleaning the cat shit off the floor while our "liberated" men go off to "make revolution." After all, behind every great man, there's a woman.

During this time my head was going through a revolution. I was no longer sure of who or what I was. Since we have been born and raised in a male oriented society, our womanhood has always been



defined by them. Who and what we are, what role we fill in society has always been determined by men.

Because of this, women are in constant conflict with each other. We have been forced to compete against each other in order to reach the goals men have set for us. We must continually strive to reach their concept of womanhood by disguising our physical selves, by being a good homemaker and mother. We are all programmed to try to look like the centerfold in *Playboy*. Getting and holding on to a male becomes a cutthroat, competitive trip. How can we ever expect to relate to each other if we must always view one another (consciously or unconsciously) as a potential threat. Woe to the not-so-pretty female who doesn't have *Playboy* breasts, who cannot cook or who isn't a submissive fuck or can't measure up to their concept of womanhood.

What should women do collectively and singly to fight this sexist, male supremacist society and all its institutions. How can we free ourselves from these rigid sex roles that only dehumanize us and force us into a serving or supporting role. Before any of us can accomplish anything, it is necessary to find a sense of being, a new way of looking at ourselves, what we are and what we can be. We must stop striving to be a woman based on their values and their misconceptions of what we are. Along with this we must learn to relate to each other as sisters and whole human beings. We must try to open up and love each other. We should be constantly delving and trying to create a new self image.

However, in our anger, we cannot just go off by ourselves, dismissing men and everything they represent. We cannot go around mentally castrating the males around us. For they too are just as much a product of this fucked up American society.

Men must be confronted with their chauvinism, put up against the wall. Most important to realize is that it's a male fight too and in many ways just as difficult for them, as they must relinquish a dominant role. We must all, men and women, learn to be honest with each other and stop playing all these bullshit, ego-tripping games, which only alienate and divide us.

It's a very difficult thing. Many men have said to me, "Oh sure, I think women's liberation is a great thing," while their woman stands over a sink full of dishes.

There are many ways in which men do not realize their chauvinism and it's up to us to point it out, for how else will they know.

It's even difficult for women to rid themselves of a slave mentality. I can remember many times watching John perform some menial household task while I stood by feeling guilty, feeling like I should be doing it.

These guilt feelings are fucked up and it's important to understand the nature of these feelings. And through understanding the nature of these feelings, perhaps women will demand to be treated as whole people and not just some fragmented part of a man's ego.

And when we begin to understand the roots of these feelings, we will realize that just demanding this treatment of men singly or within our own sphere of existence is not enough. For the problem is not so limited. All of the things in this world which have been a consequence or a creation of male superiority must be confronted and destroyed. These things include all oppressed peoples, war, poverty and this whole sick death culture which can only serve to destroy our life giving culture and themselves as well. Women's liberation and humankind liberation are one and the same. We cannot have one without the other.

Revolution isn't just organizing the working class, going to demonstrations, meetings, smashing windows and blowing dope. Revolution is a total thing which should affect all parts of a human being. How can we be effective if we are not revolting against ourselves to rid ourselves of those things which separate, divide and oppress ourselves and others as well. This includes fears - fears of being honest and open with each other, fears of being totally ourselves, fears of loving and fears of not loving.

Total revolution includes our total being. Only through inward confrontation as well as outward confrontation will we realize that they are one and the same. Through being able to totally relate to ourselves, which will mean totally relating to all people, will women and men be free and the reasons for women's liberation or any other kind of liberation will be non-existent!



ON THE

by JOLLY

After a beautiful period of some of the best grass (albeit expensive) that Baltimore has seen in over a year. Some blue-ribbon quality Columbian, and a limited amount of even stronger, utterly physical Gold from Guadalajara (called "Holy Weed" in California), kept us in a great state of mind for a month. Yet, dire predictions from the West Coast seem to be coming true. Prepare. Stock up for the summer drought! A simple economic fact applies to the situation. The demand is high, the supply limited, and, therefore, the prices soar. And even with current prices, your dealer is often sold out in a matter of hours. Perhaps the coming influx of some hashish will have some effect on the market, but I doubt the supply will last long, what with everybody and his brother smoking nowadays.

GRASS: Outrageously dear, with Mes-cal (wine) soaked kilos the current best buy. They're wet and heavy, with more than the usual lumber, but pretty stoney, which is what really counts in the end. You should consider yourself fortunate to land pounds for \$175, kilos for around \$325. There are a number of domestic kilos coming into town in Mufti, wrapped in Mexican newspapers. Don't get burned on these!

Ounces are going for \$20.

HASHISH: Prices remain closer to standard than grass prices, with \$125 being an average quote for excellent Pakistani black. The supply is limited right now, but that should change very soon.

ACID: Always around, some terrible, some seemingly very pure. Current favorite are blue domes, and a large supply of purple tabs which, unlike the traditional purple (remember "goofy grape?") are well recommended. Standard \$1.50 to \$2 per trip.



STREET



"Ealse ya two thorazines an' a dexie!"

D&MT: Some of this unusual, and somewhat rare drug was seen recently. Go lightly on this, if you do it at all, since reports of potential side effects have been mostly rather gloomy.

Much has been said about MDA recently, in the form of rumor, but, as far as I know, none has appeared in Baltimore. No doubt this is because it's a recently discovered and fairly complicated synthetic. If anyone has had any experience with it, however, I would appreciate hearing from you. Send letters to Jolly, c/o HARRY, 233 E. 25th St., Baltimore 21218. Keep on truckin'.



INDIANS ATTACK

New York (LNS) - Indians across the country have seized one office after another of the Bureau of Indian Affairs since the middle of March. The Bureau is the arm of the Department of the Interior, responsible for keeping the U.S. side of the many treaties made by the federal government in the conquest of almost 2 billion acres of Indian land.

In the past ten years, with increasing militancy, Indian organizations and tribes have been demanding that the U.S. government begin to fulfill its promises of education, medical services, certain annuities and economic aid to the 315 U.S. tribes—promises which never have been kept.

The Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) has a budget of \$500 million this year. A sizable chunk of the money goes to pay the salaries of the employees who serve on Indian reservations. The Indians' average annual income remains the lowest for any major grouping in the U.S.—\$1500 per family—and Indian unemployment is ten times the national figure. Life expectancy is only 42 years for reservation Indians compared to a national average of 72 years. Educational facilities, in most cases designed to prepare young Indian kids to fit into the bottom layers of white society, are so irrelevant that 60% of the kids drop out.

The government has failed to meet its obligations which are explicitly detailed in dozens of treaties. It has also been unable to completely destroy the tribes, not that it hasn't tried (for example, Indians are put on busses with a wallet full of money if they are willing to abandon their right to live at the reservation again).

The demonstrators were all arrested after refusing Assistant Secretary of the Interior Loesch's attempt to get them to sell out. Out on bail, they reoccupied the offices. They have been there for several months now, demonstrating and demanding an investigation of the "colonial BIA."

Last August members of the National Indian Youth Council and the United Native Americans demanded an end to job discrimination at the BIA's Albuquerque, N.M., Data Center. In April they seized the offices. While the establishment news media has maintained almost complete blackout on news of Indian activism, in the last couple of months Indians have seized BIA facilities in Gallup, N.M., Minneapolis, Minn., Chicago, Ill., and in Cleveland, Ohio. But the news reaches Indians across the country through a coast-to-coast grapevine older and slower but more reliable than CBS.

EPOXY

REVOLUTION

The Institute for Insurgency and Rebellion Research here has developed a method of gluing locks shut. Burnt Lam-fat, director of the Institute, made this statement: "Locks are the keystone of private property. A blow struck at locks is a blow against the entirety of capitalism. Hot damn!" He further postulated that gumming up locks and thus locking property shut has an even higher ironic content than breaking locks open and ripping property off. He recommends the following technique:



Take an empty plastic nose spray (Dristan, Vicks, etc.), remove spray top and detach the feeder tube. Enlarge the nozzle hole to approximately 1/32th of an inch diameter with a hot needle. Then clean the apparatus thoroughly. Using an epoxy glue kit squirt equal amounts of resin and hardener into the spray container. Whip the contents with a straightened paper clip (leaving one loop at the end of the wire) until completely mixed. Replace nozzle and use within half an hour. Just place the nozzle against the keyhole and squirt. The operation should take place as long as possible before the lock is to be used.

Simple and fun too!
Fucks-up all kinds of other precision machinery!

Use your imagination!



BALTIMORE SOUND

MEAT

BY ART LEVINE

It is in this long, darkened room that Meat, a Baltimore rock group, is playing. Saturday night at Pikesville Senior High School, and these kids look very stringy indeed, filing in with their department store hip clothes. They all have this bored look on their faces, because they knew already at 6:30 that evening, before they had even left for the dance, that they had seen all the movies and there were no parties, and that, in fact, it was going to be another shitty night in Pikesville.

There were now maybe 75 kids sitting on the floor, listening to Meat. The kids in front are digging the group with the rapt intensity of the stoned. They are nodding their heads to the sounds, their eyes are closed and they are smiling, and many of them are playing along in some fantastic make-believe world where they are the drummer or the bass player or the lead guitarist. And while the real group is in front of them playing an original song, a fast thumping thing that is booming out of the speakers, the guitarist tearing rich and soaring runs from his instrument, the bass player adding a rich bottom, the drummer splashing cymbals, those nearest the group are joining in. Brian Fried, firmly planted amid his drums, is lifting his drumsticks, tilting back his head, the rhythm powerful and throbbing. The hand is raised now, poised to strike, and it crashes down, and the kids watching are doing the exact same thing, and at just the right moment, Brian and the fantasy drummers wince with the quick jolting thrill of impact.

The group, you realize, is very good. Even though it's an original song and you can't hear the words, you are digging it. The lead guitarist, Fred Pepper, leans into the mike with some sort of relaxed half-smile and sings in a solid voice, and bends over the guitar, his long fingers bending the strings. Screeching and fuzzing, the notes whip into the crowd. He knows how to use sound, and his tones will be excitingly varied the whole night. Meanwhile, the bass player, George Albee, stands unobtrusively near his amp, adding the THUMP BA DA THUMP, the dark sounds of the bass mixing with the wailing of the guitar.

And Meat is doing still another song, but the kids are still sitting on the floor. What is the matter with these cretins? The group is really sailing now, the music is pouring out in a rich funky brew, they're playing off each other amazingly, the drums and guitar and bass meshing together in incredible package, reminding me of Mountain, but the crowd is like death. In fact, underneath their long

hair and bell bottoms they are exactly the same as Rotary Club members, with the booze wearing off. The applause is polite, but mostly they sit in little clusters, gossiping among themselves.

During one of the breaks, the lead guitarist says he doesn't mind the crowd, and, as long as ten people applaud, it's okay. He is either very dumb or very polite.

During the night they do Dylan songs, with startlingly original arrangements, and Joe Cocker stuff, and Neil Young, and Ten Years After, and everybody else who is worth listening to. But even after they turned in some incredible performances, and most of the crowd reacted with blank faces, the lead, Pepper, still insisted on complimenting the crowd. "You're really beautiful," he says, brushing his hair back, "we really love playing for you." Nice guy, that Fred Pepper.

Meat got \$200 for the Pikesville job and they are a fine group, too good for the sort of people they had to play for that Saturday night.

THEATER

by LEN BRADFORD

Corner Theater, the experimental theater club located on Howard Street, offered an unusual topical review, "The Chrome Tree", from May 22 to June 13. It was an ambitious multi-media production using music, mime, film, and sound to create a fast-paced and unusually funny production. Particularly outstanding was a small skit in which a disgruntled customer attempts to get mayonnaise on his pastrami instead of the standard mustard at the "Fully Automated Automat" and finds himself a statistical impossibility. A more perfect satire of man vs. the alienating technocracy could hardly be imagined.

An interesting guitar background was added by Steve Smulian. Songs included a moving performance of Kurt Weill's "I Did Not Raise My Son..."

There has been discussion at the theater of forming a local "road company" and touring the area's various theaters, I hope they do.

The New Repertory Limited, Co., a theater group of young people, presented a musical version of Wilde's "The Importance of being Ernest" at the Bolton Hill "Coffeehouse Theatre". This production of "Ernest In Love" showed remarkable polish on the part of many of the young participants, who exhibited considerable musical, as well as acting talent.

Director Todd Pearthree deserves congratulations for bringing off this difficult production, and particular mention should be made of Paul Shulman's portrayal of the main character, and Susan Bugg, for her outstandingly prim, proper, and precious Lady Bracknell.

Bands For Hire
FABRAJAX
GOOD GRIEF
ORANGE
RASPUTIN

additional musicians
and bands wanted

EXIT

Lonnie 485-7517
between 5-7 P.M.

The Band at the Pavilion

by LEN BRADFORD

A perfect mid-summer's night established a freaking holiday mood for the large, enthusiastic crowd attending the Band's appearance at Columbia last Sunday. The Band is one of a few country-rock groups which are riding on a current wave of popularity which inspires an almost fanatical '50's style devotion among their followers. Nearly every well-known number from both albums received a roar of approval from the crowd as soon as Robertson began his introductory licks. And, of course, they played off of that, too — most of the show consisted of

captive parody of a style makes this beautiful song sound more than a little contrived.

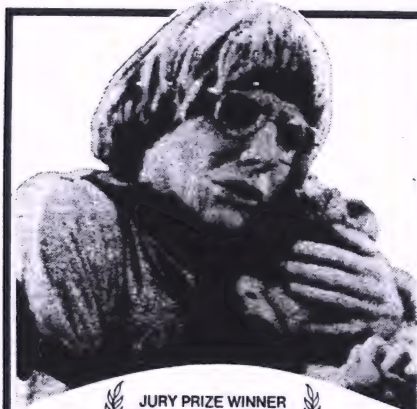
When I arrived, the area near the stage was completely jammed. Apparently, people who had purchased tickets for the grass on the hill facing the stage had taken the opportunity of a fallen fence to fill any available space among the seats near the stage. Many, many others remained outside (where they could still hear fairly well) begging tickets and spare change. The sound on the outside area was unfortunately lousy, which didn't



previously recorded numbers, which left me with mixed feelings, because I had hoped to hear more from their long-awaited new album. They played one song from it, "Start All Over Again," as an encore! More of a rock number, less folksy than their better efforts. Others, "Up On Cripple Creek," "Across the Great Divide," "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down," were predictably good, and interesting for minor variations, instrumentally, from the recordings. Their version of "Long Black Veil" has always sent me up the wall, however. An unper-

seem to dampen any of the crowd's enthusiasm. Groups were dancing, singing along, chugging wine, and smoking dope.

The crowd insisted on an encore, and would have sat there all night had the band been willing to play that long. The band's last number was that funky old rocker, "Slippin' and a Sliding," which was just fine. After the band disappeared for good, a large section of the crowd began to provide their own entertainment, banging beer cans, dancing, and singing an impromptu chant, "Power to the People...."



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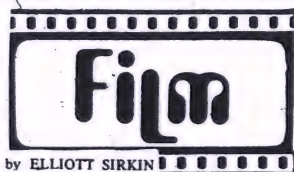
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by ELLIOTT SIRKIN

THE BOYS IN THE BAND



The movie of *The Boys in the Band* preserves most of the play intact, but it does try to scrap some of its stagier conventions, and that's definitely a good idea, since no movie — no matter how theatrically it were handled — could withstand that much theatricality. Mart Crowley, who wrote the play, has done his own adaptation, and he's thrown out some fairly hefty chunks of his original dialogue. A lot of the expositional stuff is gone — the first scene has been whittled down pretty expertly — but there's no way in which it could all go, since the play is a series of star turns, bound up by little ensemble interludes, each character stepping forward and reciting like a talking museum exhibit, then falling back into the general tapestry. Take away those recitations and there would be no play and no movie. But even if Crowley could have gotten rid of all the declaiming, his material could never have been made into anything truly believable, and, certainly, it could never be made into anything life-like. Crowley's nervous homage to screen "realism" is in vain, because the characters he's created are imagined in much too false a way, a way that has less to do with the plot's antiquated structure than it does with the way it's used. What's wrong with the characters in *The Boys in the Band* is that they've been conceived only to support the author's faggot-cataloguing service. The movie's people are like little wind-up dolls. They're dummies, fags in the shape of inflated water toys, with dummy emotions and dummy thoughts and dummy motives.

One of the characters is said to be promiscuous, "not by choice, but by design," and, in a sense, that's how they all operate. To prove his points about how lonely or clever or clearheaded

homosexuals are, Crowley pushes his people around so brutally that they appear to have no wills of their own. He's bent on giving guided tours of the soul of the urban homosexual, and so all his characters must demonstrate something — that fags are jealous, that they don't always like people to know they're queer, that their lives are rootless. Because of that, there seems to be no logic running through their actions. Crowley wants his figures to be involved in a set of grand confrontations and confessions, so he shoves them into them, whether or not it makes sense that they should behave that way. There's very little fluidity sparking what they do: characters just lumber from situation to situation, never seeming to do anything thoroughly. They howl their messagey pronouncements and throw their "antrums, but they don't seem to mean any of it. When they face each other, there's no life in their conflicts, because no two of them are drawn completely enough for there to be personality clashes between them. They fluster around in place, but they have very little real contact with the others of their species and none with their environments. They live only as naked archetypes, without natural feelings or ideas. Even if these boys were set down in a movie with a loose, free structure, they wouldn't seem to have much in common with anybody entirely human. All that would come out tion and loud rattlings of phony wisdom. That's all that's been put into them.

They're false and inert, these characters, but still they're great to watch — especially in the story's first half, before things get serious, and everybody starts pounding the floor. The film never gets to what's at the bottom of its people, hard as it may try, but what's on top is still substantial enough to be worth

looking into. These aren't exactly the sort of men that American movies have traditionally concentrated on, and there's something arresting about almost every one of them. Crowley doesn't do a very good job of dramatizing the traits and idiosyncracies that his characters are coated with, but the tags that he puts on them are still interesting, even a little thought-provoking. There are two squabbling lovers, and they're a pretty dreary combination — as dull as a quarrelling straight couple, and very drably played — but the other five men in the group are all involving, in one way or another. To different degrees, they all have some kind of personal magnetism, and when you leave the theater, you can remember their names. Superficially written as the parts may be, they're still vital enough and sharp enough to get attention, in the way that the characters in good trashy fiction sometimes can.

Another attraction is the language — at least most of it is an attraction. Crowley is obviously very well acquainted with the different varieties of homosexual jargon, and there are a lot of times when he's able to convert his knowledge into an exhilaratingly lively form of theatrical rhetoric; a dialect that's a compound of dirty jokes and arcane references to old movies and misogynistic quips might not sound too fascinating in theory, but it works out pretty handsomely on screen. Also, Crowley is reasonably good with invective, and fifty percent of his dialogue is nothing but brittle insults, the sort of curt faggot bitching that, under limply heterosexual pretexts, comedy writers have been stuffing their scripts for years. Some of the sniping is very clever, and it all sounds likely enough, and it is appropriate to the subject matter. This really is one of those rare cases when petty sarcasm and cruelty get put to justifiable dramatic use, when they're not just the work of a writer who's too mean-spirited to give his characters something worth fighting about and a decent way of fighting. Still, there's something inescapably degrading about the experience of having to sit by and watch the people in this movie while they spit jazy insults at one another, especially since a lot of the name-calling isn't very well done. The director, William Friedkin, doesn't have much of a knack for pacing, so a large part of the wit behind the

cont. on page 18

"BRILLIANTLY BITCHY!" —TIME



Today is Harold's birthday.

This is his present.



Mart Crowley's
"THE BOYS
IN THE BAND"
...is not a musical.

Written and Produced by Mart Crowley. Executive Producer: Dennis Duvall and Robert Lee. Directed by William Friedkin. All Rights Reserved. All Rights Reserved. All Rights Reserved. All Rights Reserved. All Rights Reserved.

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Record Review

ELVIS!

ELVIS PRESLEY ON STAGE
FEBRUARY 1970

by THOMAS V. D'ANTONI

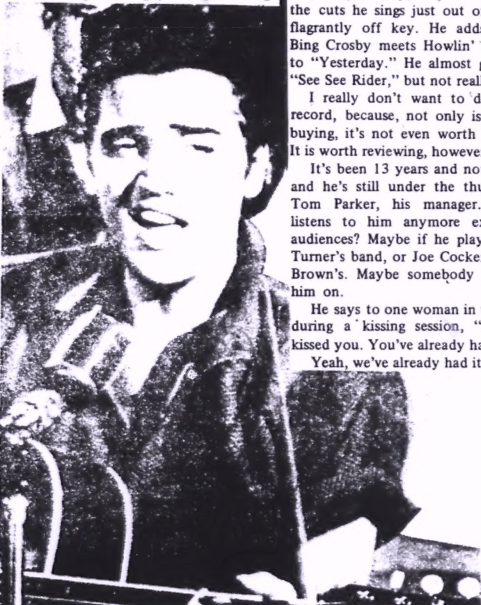


There is a certain ugly hip snob appeal in having been a teenager (remember that word) during the time when Elvis Presley was crowned King of the World. It is a very exotic thing to have grown up then. The problem is that those who have become hip and have joined the alternative culture or were sucked up (or suckled up) into it in recent years may be 18 or 17 or 16 (or even 15 or 14 to puberty). Well, when Presley was crowned, they were 4 or 3 or just the gleam in their father's seminal vesicles. You might say they weren't into it then.

There is a tendency evident in many of the biblical rock music journals to say, in one way or another, "Well, you didn't live through it — this embryonic part of the revolution. Let me explain to all you good little boys and girls, now that we're into the foetal part of it." This hipper-than-thou attitude is really a drag, and is really counter-productive. Chairman Mao teaches us to engage in self-criticism. So does Chairman Jesus. So does Chairman Dale Carnegie.

Presley did two major things. He personified a freedom from parental authority (although he was not free himself) that had never occurred to many of us. A freedom from the authority of the Puritan ethic.

He (and the music) helped us liberate our minds and led us into liberating our life styles and ultimately our culture. How can music liberate anything? How can a cracker on stage singing about playing music in a jailhouse (a place that none of us had been — at that time) possibly liberate anybody? Especially middle class mostly WASP teenagers in 1957. The answers are both obvious and profoundly complicated, and I am neither historian nor sociologist nor psychologist enough.



to tell you. Those who did not live through it have their own liberating springboards. They shouldn't even worry about it. (They don't anyway.) Those who did live through it know already — consciously or not — how it did what it did.

Effect number TWO... TWO... Two... two... to.... Presley opened up black music to us. If it hadn't been for him and a few other white musicians, do you think we would ever have heard of Little Richard, Chuck Berry, and, in turn, the Beatles, the Stones, etc., etc., etc.? Maybe we would have. Maybe not.

All of this culture shit talk brings us around to this record. It's really for shit. It reinforces many people's contention that the Jefferson Airplane made it on record in spite of RCA.

This thing was recorded live and poorly at the International Hotel in Las Vegas in February. There are no credits on the album except for the name of his backup vocal group — the Imperial Quartet. The chief engineering feature is the increase in volume whenever there is any applause.

Let me tell you about his backup group. Well, first let me tell you that I know nothing about them except what I heard on the record. They sound like a junior high school all girl glee club that just discovered the Raelettes and Janis Joplin. They may have heard Gladys Knight once too, because on one of the cuts, "Polk Salad Annie," they do her "Chicka-boom-chicka-boom."

They're really versatile, though. On some of the other cuts they sound like the backup singers for Phil Phillips, Connie Francis, and (my favorite record) "Andre Kostelanetz Does the Funky Broadway."

Presley is very, very bad. On most of the cuts he sings just out of meter and flagrantly off key. He adds a horrible Bing Crosby meets Howlin' Wolf ending to "Yesterday." He almost gets it on in "See See Rider," but not really.

I really don't want to dwell on the record, because, not only isn't it worth buying, it's not even worth listening to. It is worth reviewing, however.

It's been 13 years and now we're free and he's still under the thumb of Col. Tom Parker, his manager. And who listens to him anymore except Vegas audiences? Maybe if he played with Ike Turner's band, or Joe Cocker's, or James Brown's. Maybe somebody should turn him on.

He says to one woman in the audience during a kissing session, "I've already kissed you. You've already had it."

Yeah, we've already had it.



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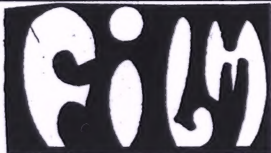
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cont. from page 16

snarling is drowned out, and much too often, all that comes out is a sloppy malice, shouted out at an inhumanly fast rate.

Generally, the direction is proficient, at the level of a good episode on a t.v. serial. Whatever else it might be, it's certainly unpretentious. Freidkin is very timid about trying anything flashy, and the few times that he does go in for glitzy effects, he does nothing that's unpardonably rotten. Once or twice, he comes close to the bad taste line, but he never goes over it. He also uses the limited space that he has to work in very efficiently; the movie has only four small sets, but there's nothing repetitious about the way they're used. Freidkin is a competent director, but in the movie's last half, his timing is desastrously, dangerously off. In the same way that he rushes his actors through the film's giddy start, he all but drags them through its end. This abnormal timing is hard enough on the early scenes, but it's bloody murder on the later ones; when things are slowed down, the movie can't hold up under the retarded tempo. There's very little in the last half hour that's not painfully trite. It's filled with embarrassing taints — "You believe in that great insurance policy in the sky: God?" — and tormented self-appraisals — "If we could only hate ourselves less." Patches of the dialogue here are so shrill that it's hard to know what any director could have done with them. The characters are asked to say and do things that are hopelessly absurd. They act the way people in the imagination of somebody who's seen too many crummy Hollywood movies would, but they have no reference point in any outside reality whatsoever. Their scenes would be bad taken at a normal speed, but when every line of them is treated as if it were a papal decree, and every delivery is saddled with a portentous close-up of the speaker, they become impossible. Probably, the stagnation is aimed at building an effect of world-weariness and desperation, but the rhythm of the dialogue works against that, and what comes out is plodding and incoherent, a lot of unnatural, mannered sounds.

Recently, *The Boys in the Band* has been attacked by homosexual militants, on the grounds that its theme is misleading. Gay Liberation doesn't go for the message — that no homosexual is "happy" — but actually, there's no reason in the movie for the guy's-good people to get upset. Crowley might make his characters cry out in misery again and again, but he never succeeds in making them seem any more wretched than other people. Not just because the scenes that are designed to point up their unhappiness are so unconvincingly written, but more because at the times when the characters are talking to one another, just being sociable, most of them seem to nominally stable people — certainly no worse off emotionally than the average upper

middle class New Yorker. One of the movie's many long harangues about guilt self-loathing and the state of homosexual affairs has somebody saying that a fag's life is the most joyless thing imaginable, but the most memorable, seemingly truthful things in the movie don't really bear that out. The characters have obviously all got hang-ups and weaknesses and insecurities, but what's so unusual about that? They seem to be an entertaining, well-meaning group of people, some of them, most noticeably the characters played by Kenneth Nelson and Frederick Coombs, very charming. And everybody seems to be having a pretty decent time at the party that the action centers on; when some of the guests get up and form a rock chorus line, dancing a Madison to soul music, they're very plainly enjoying themselves — so much so that the four of them create the most carefree series of images that have been in an American film since Dustin Hoffman and Katherine Ross went flying out of that church in *The Graduate*. It's only when a straight walks in and gets the host all upset that everyone starts belly-aching and feeling sorry for himself. Also, most of these people apparently have a good knowledge of what they're like and a good understanding of their situation. They seem to have enough control over themselves, given the difficulties of their condition, to try to make the best of things, no matter what regrets and misgivings they might have. If anything, they sound a little bit more sturdy and a little better "adjusted" than other sophisti-



cated neurotics. To be homosexual and survive, they'd probably have to be. Honestly, the fags in this movie don't seem extraordinarily miserable. Even the venom and the fury of the evening's end, disregarding its dramatic inadequacy — doesn't seem to be all that blistering. The things that are said there aren't extravagantly horrible. After all, homosexuals have no copyright on vindictiveness or self-contempt or disappointment; people hurt one another and say vicious things to one another all the time. The spite, in some cases, even seems a little more tame than it might in a heterosexual setting, since the actors, who don't

want to lose the audience's sympathy, smooth over a lot of it. They're all very careful to preserve a few layers of compassion and civility for their characters, even when they're supposed to be at their most biting. They probably have the right idea.

If there's anyone who should be violently unhappy in this movie's terms, it would have to be the people in the straight world. Their one delegate who's on the screen any length of time is a very dogged Catholic society boy (played by Peter Lee, who looks the Part), and he seems to have a lot less to be happy about than any of the queens he's stranded among. He's a chump who fights with his wife, is embarrassed to cry, and can't talk about anything but tennis. He's also so stupid that it takes him an excruciatingly long while to figure out that there's something funny about all the guests at the party that he's accidentally stumbled in on. Since there's a lot of talk about his virile college buddy who was secretly a fag, and since there's also a short scene in a parking garage, in which a burly attendant seems to be making eyes at one of the heroes, the poor jerk seems outnumbered, along with everything else. The movie seems to be implying that close to every man in the world is homosexual, that his sad sack is a member of a besieged minority. And if he's a typical straight male, then, by simple reasoning, it would only be logical that straight females must be in a bad way, too. What woman wouldn't be desperate, if the only love prospects available to her were glum, slow-witted squares.



He showed some spark when he started playing "Purple Haze" and the audience began surging towards Roth's Moat (the device intended to keep crowds away from the stage—devised by Assistant Civic Center Director, Ben Roth.)

Since Hendrix was so dull and it's a drag to dwell on it, the second group on the bill deserves some mention—CACTUS is made up of former members of VANILLA FUDGE and the AMBOY DUKES. This is no recommendation. They are, however, good competent musicians. The band is still evolving and it's very loose—they haven't been together very long. They should get tighter as they (if they) continue to play together. Their drummer is really freaky. He

ROCK

Hendrix & Cactus At Civic Center

by Thomas V. D'Antoni

It's been two years since Jimi Hendrix was plastered castered and maybe that's why he couldn't get it up (or on) at the Civic Center last Saturday. Maybe someone should investigate the long term side effects of that certain kind of plaster. Long term impotence maybe. Maybe Hendrix doesn't like Baltimore. Maybe he's tired of doing concerts. Maybe he misses Buddy Miles.

Boy, am I glad I didn't pay to get in.

Hendrix raced through his show at a lethargic breakneck speed. Hardly pausing to catch a breath between songs while doing the songs in a fashion that can only be described as bored. It can only be described as bored because that's the only word I can think of at 2 a.m.

He played some nice music on his guitar, but received bland backing from Experiencer Mitch Mitchell and newcomer Billy Cox on bass.

flops all over his instruments at one moment and viciously attacks them at another. He's good too.

The guitarist is excellent and if he'll stop playing Jimmy Paige Jimi Hendrix Jeff Beck whines and cartwheels and stick to playing regular music he could develop into one of the best.

The lead singer eats shit. Can't sing the blues worth a damn. You can sing as well. And funkier too.

I'd like to hear them in a year or so. They should be excellent by then. Maybe not too. How the fuck should I know.

I did like some of the things Hendrix played—however, he has not progressed any since *Electric Ladyland*—he's still trading off of that.

He was good on "Voodoo Chile," but he seemed to be holding back what should have blown the roof off the Civic Center (not a bad idea).

Well, that's enough review. Reviews are for shit anyway. So are concerts. Go out and make your own music.

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WANTED: Teachers and parents appalled by repressive school system, willing to work to establish an "alternative" learning system on the elementary level. Call 435-2132 (Carole Brown) or write 5505 Rusk Ave.

Bob Z. Call 795-3277 ask for Jim.

Two guys need part time jobs without having to get haircuts. Call 727-6319 or 837-2589.

WANTED: Chicks to model in the nude for painted of a club. Good pay. Also wanted, 25 dancing girls for club work. If interested write Auinn Productions 60%Winters Lane, Catonsville.

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CLASS. Organist and drummer looking for underground group or lead guitarist and bass player. Tom 945-7906.

Selling '66 Chevy II Nova. Automatic, 22,000 miles, 2 door coup, \$800 engine in excellent condition. 485-2585.

FOR SALE: 1019 Dual changer and Shure cartridge. Call 889-4131 ask for Joe.



WANTED: Ride to Frisco or just to Calif. (for two) will share expenses. Call Jim Wayson 837-8225.

FOR SALE: 1964 Honda 150. Dream Good condition. \$150. General Stereo Tape Recorder plus ten 4-track tape Excellent Conditions. \$400. Call Jim Wayson 837-8225.

Furnished one bedroom apt. to sublet July and August. 3002 Guilford Ave. 235-6242.

Girl looking for home shared by several people in North Baltimore or County Box 24, HARRY.

WANTED: Apt.-one bedroom—Charles Village area. See Michele at HARRY.

Pretty, personable girls and guys available—For all kinds of modeling assignments. We specialize in nude, Pin-up figure, movies, etc. A wide range of faces and figures available. Send requirements to The Photographer's Co-Op, Box No. 9, c/o HARRY. Must include Phone No. for immediate reply.

Cat looking for chicks with heavy minds. Age, race, or body of no significance. For the mind embodies everything. I need to share with somebody beautiful thoughts, pictures, and poems. I ask a favor, if you have a thought write. Ulysses Hart, 906 St. Paul St. Apt. 7 Baltimore, Md. 21202.

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Guitars: Guild Starfire IV Electric Epiphone—pre-war Jazz model "Super Deluxe" Must sell. 235-7784.

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FOR SALE: Fender Jaguar Guitar with case. Best offer. Call 866-8649 anytime.

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Anyone who took good pictures of Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young please contact Kathy McCabe 338-1227.

Looking for roommate or roommates to split \$90 a month apartment at 2702 Maryland Ave. Male or females. Freaks preferred Call Patrick at 366-1443 after 4 p.m.

Ride to Calif. wanted for two. Will share. Leaving after July 3rd. Call Jay 823-6909 weekdays only between 12-5 p.m.

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NOTHING EVER HAPPENS..... continued from page 20

Nature:

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SUNDAY, JUNE 28

Music:

PROUL HAREM
Merriweather Post Pavilion
8 P.M.

RHINOCEROS
Ocean City Convention Hall
8 P.M.

Jam session at Bluesette.

"Park Concert Band"
Druid Hill 3:30 P.M.

Drama:

"Yours Truly, John Dillinger"
by Paige Watson
Spotlighters 8:30 P.M.

MONDAY, JUNE 29

Music:

THE WHO!!!
Merriweather Post Pavilion
8 P.M.

Jerry Butler & the Edwin Hawkins
Singers - Carter Barron
Amphitheatre

Occult:

"International Society of
Krishna Consciousness"
Join us in chanting & lectures.
7 P.M.



TUESDAY, JUNE 30

Music:

Jerry Butler & the Edwin Hawkins
Singers - Carter Barron
Amphitheatre

Folk Music by Fletcher.
12 noon - C.C.B.

Occult:

Lecture & meditation.
Savitria 8-10 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1

Music:

GINGER BAKER
Merriweather Post Pavilion
8 P.M.

"James Taylor"
Main Point

Jerry Butler & the Edwin Hawkins
Singers - Carter Barron
Amphitheatre

Discussion:

"A Marxist Analysis of the
Class Struggle" - Educational.
Baltimore Labor Committee
7:30 P.M.

Occult:

"International Society of
Krishna Consciousness"
Join us in chanting & lectures.
7 P.M.

THURSDAY, JULY 2

Music:

"James Taylor"
Main Point



Jerry Butler & the Edwin Hawkins
Singers - Carter Barron
Amphitheatre

Drama:

"Yours Truly, John Dillinger"
by Paige Watson
Spotlighters 8:30 P.M.

Misc:

Community Supper
Stoney Run Friend's Mtg. House
6 P.M. Bring food.

Films:

"Troublemakers" & "With No
One To Help Us" 2 P.M.
Enoch Pratt Free Library

FRIDAY, JULY 3

Music:

GRASS ROOTS
Ocean City Convention Hall

"James Taylor"
Main Point

Jerry Butler & the Edwin Hawkins
Singers - Carter Barron
Amphitheatre

"Park Concert Band"
Federal Hill 8 P.M.

ATLANTA POP FESTIVAL

SATURDAY, JULY 4

independence day (don't celebrate—
stand & demand 365 independence days)

Music:

"Bridge"
Gold Standard Coffee House

"James Taylor"
Main Point

Jerry Butler & the Edwin Hawkins
Singers - Carter Barron
Amphitheatre

"Doc Severinson"
Ocean City Convention Hall

Handel's "Royal Fireworks Music"
(and fireworks) Goucher College.
8:30 P.M.

"Park Concert Band"
Druid Hill 1 & 3:30 P.M.

ATLANTA POP FESTIVAL



Smoke-In in D.C. has been cancelled,
but hold your own.

Drama:

"Yours Truly, John Dillinger"
by Paige Watson
Spotlighters 8:30 P.M.

Occult:

"International Society of
Krishna Consciousness"
Join us in chanting & lectures.
7 P.M.



NOTHING EVER HAPPENS IN BALTIMORE



THURSDAY, JUNE 18

**ANNAPOLIS FINE ARTS
FESTIVAL!!!** Annapolis, Md.

Drama:

"Man of La Mancha"
Merriweather Post Pavilion
8:30 P.M.

"Yours Truly, John Dillinger"
by Paige Watson
Spotlighters 8:30 P.M.

Misc.:

Community Supper
Stoney Run Friend's Mtg. House
6 P.M. Bring food.

FRIDAY, JUNE 19

Music:

JANIS JOPLIN & VAN
MORRISON & SEA TRAIN
Univ. of Maryland - Cole Field
House 8:30 P.M.

"Joshua" - Bluesette

"Meat" - Milford Mill Swim Club

Open Stage
It's Open Coffee House

Jimmy Wells Trio at Blues Back Alley
2-5 a.m. (Saturday morning)

Misc.:

**ANNAPOLIS FINE ARTS
FESTIVAL!!!** Annapolis, Md.

Occult:

"International Society of
Krishna Consciousness"
Join us in chanting & lectures.
7 P.M.

Drama:

"Man of La Mancha"
Merriweather Post Pavilion
8:30 P.M.

"Yours Truly, John Dillinger"
by Paige Watson
Spotlighters 8:30 P.M.

"The Chrome Tree"
multi-media revue at the
Corner Theater 9 P.M.
Reserve in advance 539-5400

"Bell, Book & Candle"
Bristol Players - Franklin St.
Presbyterian Church 8:30 P.M.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20

Music:

"Clipper Mill" & "Gregory
Kihn" - Bluesette

"Huey Brown"
Gold Standard Coffee House

Jimmy Wells Trio at Blues Back Alley
2-5 a.m. (Sunday morning)

Ozymandian Ruins Coffee House
Grand Opening!!! (under new
management) 9:30 P.M.



Misc.:

**ANNAPOLIS FINE ARTS
FESTIVAL!!!** Annapolis, Md.

Nature:

White Mountains Hut Trip -
Sierra Club - Ledge Rats M.C.
(through June 28th) Call
Tom Eastman 323-2999.

Drama:

"Man of La Mancha"
Merriweather Post Pavilion
8:30 P.M.

"Yours Truly, John Dillinger"
by Paige Watson
Spotlighters 8:30 P.M.

"The Chrome Tree"
multi-media revue at the
Corner Theater 9 P.M.
Reserve in advance 539-5400

"Bell, Book & Candle"
Bristol Players - Franklin St.
Presbyterian Church 8:30 P.M.

SUNDAY, JUNE 21

Music:

Jam session at Bluesette.

"Park Concert Band"
Druid Hill 3:30 P.M.

"Washington National
Symphony Orchestra"
Merriweather Post Pavilion
7 P.M.

**FREE ROCK CONCERT
IN PATTERSON PARK**
12:00

Misc.:

**ANNAPOLIS FINE ARTS
FESTIVAL!!!** Annapolis, Md.

Occult:

"International Society of
Krishna Consciousness"
Join us in chanting & lectures.
7 P.M.

Drama:

"Yours Truly, John Dillinger"
by Paige Watson
Spotlighters 8:30 P.M.

MONDAY, JUNE 22

Music:

"Tom Jones"
Merriweather Post Pavilion

Occult:

"International Society of
Krishna Consciousness"
Join us in chanting & lectures.
7 P.M.

TUESDAY, JUNE 23

Music:

"Tom Jones"
Merriweather Post Pavilion

Free Community Folk Music
11 A.M. C.C.B.

"Park Concert Band"
Dell - Charles & 31st Sts.
8 P.M.



Occult:

Sensitivity Class - David Besa,
facilitator \$30.
Corner Theater. Reservations-
call Dick Flax 825-2700
or 728-4707.

Lecture & meditation.
Savitria 8-10 P.M.

Drama:

PREMIERE! Baltimore Theatre
Ensemble - Towson State College.
Harold Pinter's "The Birthday
Party."

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24

Music:

"Tom Jones"
Merriweather Post Pavilion

"Park Concert Band"
Reisterstown Plaza 8 P.M.

Occult:

"International Society of
Krishna Consciousness"
Join us in chanting & lectures.
7 P.M.

Discussion:

"A Marxist Analysis of the
Class Struggle" - Educational.
Baltimore Labor Committee
7:30 P.M.



THURSDAY, JUNE 25

Music:

"Tom Jones"
Merriweather Post Pavilion

"Park Concert Band"
5516 the Alameda 8 P.M.

Coffee House - C.C.B.

Drama:

"Yours Truly, John Dillinger"
by Paige Watson
Spotlighters 8:30 P.M.

Misc.:

Community Supper
Stoney Run Friend's Mtg. House
6 P.M. Bring food.

Films:

"A Time For Burning" and
"Sunday" Enoch Pratt Library
2 P.M.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26

Music:

"Joshua" - Bluesette

"Tom Jones"
Merriweather Post Pavilion

"Park Concert Band"
Burdick Park 8 P.M.

"Mona Golabek" - pianist
Chopin Recital. Peabody
Conservatory. 8:30 P.M. Free.

Jimmy Wells Trio at Blues Back Alley
2:00 a.m. to 5 a.m. (Saturday Morning)

Drama:

"Yours Truly, John Dillinger"
by Paige Watson
Spotlighters 8:30 P.M.

"Bell, Book & Candle"
Bristol Players - Franklin St.
Presbyterian Church 8:30 P.M.

Occult:

"International Society of
Krishna Consciousness"
Join us in chanting & lectures.
7 P.M.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27

Music:

"Howdy Doody" - Bluesette

"Tom Jones"
Merriweather Post Pavilion

Jimmy Wells Trio at Blues Back Alley
2 a.m. to 5 a.m. (Sunday morning)

Drama:

"Yours Truly, John Dillinger"
by Paige Watson
Spotlighters 8:30 P.M.

"Bell, Book & Candle"
Bristol Players - Franklin St.
Presbyterian Church 8:30 P.M.



continued on page 19

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